Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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WANTED: A LEADER

CAN PACIFISTS WIN THE WAR?

A PLEA TO THE PRESIDENT

BY THE EDITOR

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?—Jeremiah 13: 23.

Or, as we Americans might now fitly and with no little dread in our hearts inquire, Can ingrained Pacifists wage war successfully? Is it within the range of their tranquil and philosophical natures to fetch into ruthless action the requisite fighting spirit and indomitable soul? Does human psychology constitute an insuperable barrier? Can the stern necessities of the moment crush out of being the cheery optimism of a lifetime? These are the most vital questions which now confront us as a Nation—questions which must be answered soon and cannot be answered too soon if we would avert appalling cost to a certainty and irretrievable disaster as a possibility.

The military situation abroad is not hopeless. It is by no means probable that Hindenburg " will be in Paris " on April fool's day. Even though he should make good his boast, he will not have won the war; he will only have compelled a truce or prolonged the struggle, with increasing slaughter. But whatever may happen in the immediate future, we cannot ignore the bitter truth that it is the enemy and the enemy alone, whose next move is awaited,—awaited

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with confidence, to be sure, but with confidence tinged with trepidation. Nobody is wondering what the Allies have in contemplation; everybody knows; it is neither more nor less than to strive desperately to hold the long, thin line from Flanders to Switzerland and the hazardous position in northern Italy. The programme is purely defensive, promising little gain and leading nowhere. Presumably the Allies are waiting, in simple hope and mild expectancy, to hurl back an advancing horde with such vigor and destructive force as to convince him of the futility of further assaults; that is all.

Assuming, as we trust in God we may with assuredness, effective resistance, what then? A great drive in return by the weakened Allied forces? Not at all. Failure of the augmented and reinvigorated German army to "break through" would serve only to show the utter hopelessness of a like attempt by the French and British against vastly stronger fortified intrenchments. Indeed, if specific evidence of this fact be required, it can be found in the ghastly failure—far more ghastly than this country ever imagined—of Byng's highly lauded battle before Cambrai.

We are assured by the foremost living military expert in the United States and we do believe that "it has been overwhelmingly demonstrated that no frontal attack by either side against the intrenched lines of the other can break through; nor can this long intrenched line be turned, since the neutral country of Switzerland is at one end and the neutral country of Holland is at the other; the result is a military stalemate." For this very reason, but for the positive certainty of our exceptionally versed Secretary of War, one might be disposed to doubt the reality of the enemy's widely advertised intention to pitch its mighty assault upon a strongly defended position, while another infinitely weaker is scarcely less available for attack.

But it is not the enemy, whose ways are his own, who most concerns us. It is the Allies. And, so far as the world is informed, the Allies have no plans. Their Supreme War Council was summoned into being with a flourish of trumpets but quickly ended its first session with the sapient announcement that "unity of action" had been agreed upon. The United States was not represented officially, but Colonel Edward M. House attended as a personal friend of the President and subsequently published a memorandum to

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the effect in general that England and France were pledged to coöperate with this country in transporting troops and supplies across the Atlantic. There seems to have been considerable talk about winning the war but none as to how it might be won. In fact, the entire list of distinguished statesmen and commanding generals present did not contain the name of a single strategist of note. The second session was quite brief and produced only an expression of opinion that the so-called peace proposals of the Chancellors of Germany and Austria were unworthy of consideration.

Whether America shall be represented adequately or at all in future conferences is yet to be determined by the President. Why she should not be or has not been while her all is staked upon the outcome of the great event cannot even be surmised, except upon the almost incredible assumption of deliberate evasion of responsibility such as characterized the Administration's policy of unpreparedness, for which our Pacifist Secretary of War fervently thanked God—" I delight in the fact," were his words—even after we had been drawn into the conflict.

There was no misapprehension of the situation on the part of Mr. Baker. Speaking in Richmond on December 5, 1917, he said plainly:

> From the moment the *Lusitania* was sent to a watery grave by the hand of the assassin, the United States had only two choices. The United States could have crawled on its knees to the Hohenzollerns, crying out that their frightfulness and military efficiency were too great, that we submit and become their vassals, or as an alternative we could fight. We chose to fight.

The *Lusitania* was sunk on May 7, 1915. Two months later the Field Secretary of the National Security League reported that Mr. Baker, who was then Mayor of Cleveland, " refused absolutely to coöperate with the League because he said he was a pacifist and opposed to the agitation for preparedness," in point of fact, " of all the Mayors I interviewed Mr. Baker was the most pronounced opponent of preparedness." Clearly, at that time, with full understanding, he preferred that his country should become a vassal of the Hohenzollerns rather than fight. Not only, moreover, did he revel in the part of a craven, but he disdained to equip the nation for acceptance of the only alternative open to a brave and self-respecting people.

" Scorning," he declared in New York on December 28,

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1917, "to be armed to the teeth in times of peace, ready to leap at any one in her path, this nation has shown that in time of war a peace-loving, progress-making people, when the time came had but to touch the magnet of its spirit to defend itself."

Unctuous satisfaction with the results of his own ignorant and inefficient direction, soon to be revealed with startling force by the Senate's investigation— truly a replica, faint, but clear, of his beloved Bryan's vision of a million hayseeds leaping to the rusty shotguns of their grandfathers! A gentle egotist commissioned as the vice regent of Mars. Pacifism twirling its thumbs while hellish Mars was wrecking the universe. Murder, rapine and sudden death, horror piled upon horror, the world feverishly burnishing its armor while a lamb-like little gentleman, serene in his certitude of the triumph of morality, sat like a monk in his cell, unvexed by gross passions, rubricating the golden rule! A man with no experience in big business—that once derided term of infamy—suddenly put in charge of the greatest business establishment in America!

We may admire the President for that consistency which refuses to acknowledge a mistake and we should concede much to a laudable endeavor to live down a reputation for restricted gratefulness of spirit; but this is a time of war, grim and deadly, when the whole truth must be spoken without mincing of words and with scant heed to personal feelings.

We say bluntly, then, that, while the Secretary of War must necessarily be held to account for the wretched blundering and the fatal negligence of his department, it is not Mr. Baker who is responsible for Mr. Baker; it is the President himself who must answer to the people for the perpetuation of a concededly second-class Cabinet in the day of the nation's gravest peril—a performance for which, strive as we may earnestly and considerately, we can find little excuse. When Mr. Wilson dipped his hands into the dusky Democratic grab-bag and drew out the names of those who constituted his original Cabinet, he took chances necessarily, and, all things considered, he did not so badly. There have been stronger Cabinets, many of them, and weaker, a few. Taken as a whole, the group of politicians picked to serve as head clerks to their master was about as good as the Democratic party could produce; and it is but fair to say that their respective capacities and incapacities during the first term balanced fairly well, unless, of course, there be allotted to them a share

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in the great crime of unpreparedness. In any case, the President should not be held too sharply to account for the consequences of his enforced groping for satisfactory aids.

But when Mr. Wilson was inaugurated a second time the situation was wholly changed. He knew then the calibre of his secretaries, collectively and individually; he had wintered and summered with them; their points of strength and of weakness were patent to his discerning mind. That they suited and served sufficiently well his purposes in a time of peace we can readily understand. But when Mr. Wilson took his second oath of office war was certain. Germany had made impossible the continuance of neutral relations; the Ambassadors had been recalled; there was no escape for a self-respecting nation upon any conceivable grounds; and the inevitable happened precisely one month later, when the President appeared before the Congress and asked that the existence of " a state of war" with Germany be heralded to the world.

Nothing could have been more plain or more certain that March 4, 1917, was the day upon which a new Cabinet, designed primarily to conduct effective warfare upon the most powerful military nation in the world, should have been proclaimed. It was, moreover, the natural, fitting and traditional time. Precisely as Mr. Wilson's term of office had expired and he was required to take a new oath, so had the terms of the members of his Cabinet expired, and the names of their successors should have been sent to the Senate for confirmation, as provided by the Constitution. The circumstance that no changes were to be made did not alter the case. The plain intent of our fundamental law is that Cabinet officers shall be confirmed by the Senate existing at the time of their nomination, since the Senate itself, although a continuing body, undergoes material change in *personnel* during every four years. Beginning with George Washington, every reëlected President without exception observed this requirement and submitted his appointments accordingly. In many instances there were changes, in some there was none; it made no difference; the spirit and design of the law were heeded scrupulously, and the example set by Washington became the usage of the country.

President Wilson violated both the intent of the law and the custom. He sent no nominations to the Senate, and none of the secretaries has been confirmed in office by the existing body. Even the Postmaster General, whose term is re-

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stricted explicitly by statute to thirty days after four years of service, was continued without reappointment, and exercised full authority without warrant of any kind whatsoever for nearly seven months, till a few weeks ago, when the blunder was discovered and admitted, and he was renamed. Whether the other members of the Cabinet are now or have been for nearly a year *de jure* officials of the Government is perhaps a question, in view of the various statutes, but the best legal minds we have been able to consult concur in the judgment that they are serving in purely *de facto* capacities.

We note this peculiar state of affairs in passing only. The point we would make is that the President deliberately disregarded established usage and probably violated technical law at a time when, without injuring the *amour propre* of any one of his pacifist associates, he might have constructed a real War Cabinet of big minds and fighting souls. It is to this lack of vision, accentuated by either excessive obduracy or wilful evasiveness, that the pitiable plight of the half-armed forces of this mighty nation, at the beginning of the second year of our war, must in no small degree be attributed.

It is *not* "the system," so politely and considerately condemned by cautious Senators, that is at fault. It is the men who have proved incapable of applying existing methods on a large scale. The army system may not have been the best; quite likely it was not; but it was a system, a working system; and there is little reason to doubt that if the established divisions, bureaus and branches had been kept intact, expanded and strengthened by the injection of new blood and fresh vigor and supplemented by expert business experience instead of being supplemented by a crazy quilt of meddlesome muddling, the whole machinery would now be running as smoothly as that of the navy, whose unchanged "system" has been adapted readily by Admirals Taylor, McGowan, Earle and Palmer to enlarged and highly effective service. While it makes the heart sick to hear that the keel of the first new destroyer is yet to be laid, there is this at least to be said of Secretary Daniels: that he was shrewd enough to step aside when actual fighting began and give the trained professionals their heads.

Mr. Baker, on the other hand, fussed and fiddled, making one superannuated General Chief of Staff for a few weeks and then another, only to supplant him in turn by successive "acting chiefs," until now, at last, after a lapse of a full year, a real soldier in his prime is coming home to attempt a re-

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organization which should have been begun and ended long ago. So it is that we are still commencing to prepare to get ready to " speed up " to go to war.

But that is not the worst of it. Trying as these unnecessary delays have been, and are likely to continue to be, they are far less apt to prove fatal than a false point of view. There it is that we are weak, weak as dishwater. Invariably, in their innumerable speeches, both the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy blandly assume that the war is already won, and they ramble fatuously along about how tenderly we must regard our enemies, so soon to become our friends, and by our contrasting example point out to them in delicate and unoffending fashion the error of their ways. It is " the new world to come " fulfilment of the flabby " ideals " of Bryanism, and the " heroic tasks " to be done " after the treaty of peace has been signed," that engrosses the minds of these, our kindly warriors. As to the outcome of the war itself Mr. Baker continues, " it would be irreligious to doubt," and forthwith, to the disgust of General Crowder and without consultation with the energetic Provost Marshal, he sends to Congress a bill releasing from service all men who have reached the age of thirty-one since they were called, and in common with the President, declares his opposition to universal military training. And the Secretary does not stand alone. The President himself writes to the farmers that " the culminating crisis of the struggle has come, the achievements of *this year* on the one side or the other must determine the issue."

If so, God help us! Consider what the achievements " on the one side or the other " have been since the above words were written on January 30: On the part of the Allies, successful defense—always defense—of the Italian position on the Piave; on the part of the Central Powers, a negotiated peace opening up for their use the rich mines and vast wheat fields of Ukrainia, demobilization of the Russian army, releasing for service elsewhere one hundred and forty-seven divisions of German soldiers on the Eastern front and 1,500,000 trained men hitherto held as prisoners, and, finally, as we write, a strong probability of the capitulation of Roumania, with her great oil and grain production, to say nothing of the disquieting rumors that Holland, against her will, is being driven by our embargo upon the necessaries of life into the arms of the enemy.

What wonder that, by strange coincidence, on the very

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day when the President was holding forth the olive branch to Austria, the Kaiser was shouting defiantly in Hamburg, "We want peace and shall seek it, but the victory of German arms must first be recognized!" and that Ambassador Gerard, who has yet to be consulted, except perfunctorily upon his arrival, by his own Government, was saying, "There is no chance of starving Germany, and there is no chance of winning through a revolution in that country; Germany can feed all except her old people, whom she leaves to die; before they would starve themselves they would starve 10,000,000 Poles, 5,000,000 Frenchmen, 2,000,000 Belgians and 2,000,000 prisoners of war; the only peace she would adhere to would be a peace that really gave her victory!"

This is not pessimism; it is the stark, naked truth, in the face of which we are making actual preparations for hardly more than a year of conflict and are hoping against hope, like true pacifists obsessed with optimism and given to opportunism, for the working of a miracle through moral suasion and suave diplomacy. "It means peace within a year," said Representative Flood, of the President's speech; "a drive for peace," interpreted Mr. Mann; "a hint that peace is nearer than any of us dream," said Mr. Pou; "a conclusion that peace is very near," echoed Mr. Slayden; "his goal is peace and he is driving to it," added Mr. Garrett; "it brings us near an honorable peace," thought Mr. Sims; "a step in the direction of peace," remarked Senator McKellar; "*a modification of the President's war aims address,*" bluntly declared Senator Johnson.

Peace—peace "without victory" for us, peace with victory for the Huns! Is that what it all portends?

We cannot, we will not believe it. Black as the outlook is and black as we should frankly recognize it to be, ultimate triumph is as certain as that there is a God in Heaven if we will but clear our vision and press on and on, be it for one year or for ten. What the mighty forces of civilization need and all they need is a leader. Our war-worn but indomitable Allies know this and admit it; and they recognize the man —Woodrow Wilson, whom above all others they would prefer to have in person at the head of the great council, and whom, even as merely but suitably represented, they stand ready and glad to heed and to follow. But the President himself holds back; he keeps aloof as a "co-belligerent;" he outlines programmes without consultation with accredited representatives of the associate nations; he consults only one

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elderly and amiable, though estimable, gentleman; he is surrounded and supported almost exclusively by professional pacifists; he addresses the Congress, the country and the world, not as the leader of God's children, fighting, bleeding and dying by the million in the great cause of human freedom, but as a judge between all nations, powers of darkness and evil no less than peoples of light and good.

This cannot go on. *We must win.* Our Allies are drifting, drifting from lack of direction, aggression and inspiration, which Woodrow Wilson alone can give. We beseech him to sever the bonds which now hold him fast, to delegate to others, better trained for the purpose than himself, the work of organizations and reorganizations, to slough off the infinitely distracting details of management, to charge responsible political leaders with the shaping of domestic legislation and the execution of the laws, to rid himself of pandering, palavering Pacifists, to call to his aid and counsel the fighting souls of America; in a word, to take a fresh perspective and then apply the full power of that remarkable intellectual force and indomitable will which have constituted him the natural, inevitable and universally recognized spokesman of civilization and *leader of the world* in the greatest crisis the world has ever known.

God grant that he, this son of Destiny, may see the light and fail not!

COÖRDINATION AT THE TOP

WHY not coördinate the President and Congress? Since, like "that blessed word, Mesopotamia," coördination is to be the magic talisman of victory, why not apply it at the top as well as at the bottom, or half way down?

The question is suggested by the recent manifestations of friction, to employ no harsher term, between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government, and particularly between the War Department and the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. We have faith to believe that this friction will be abated, and that ultimately, perhaps, good may follow it. But just because overruling Providence brings good out of evil, the evil remains no less evil still. We are told that the controversy has delayed some of the most urgent war operations of the Government, which might have been nothing short of disastrous. It was assuredly not edifying to have the President of the United

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States calling one of the foremost members of the Senate constructively a liar and a traitor; for that, translated into Our Colonel's "shorter and uglier" words, is what his retort upon Mr. Chamberlain was equivalent to. Nor can we think that the moral effect of the incident, upon our own citizenship at large and upon the observing world, was favorable, of having democracy, in the midst of a great war for its vindication and confirmation, thus rent with dissensions and at loggerheads with itself. Surely now is the time of all times in human history for a democratic government to display harmony and efficiency instead of bickering and helplessness.

This regrettable state of affairs is, we are compelled to believe, chiefly to be charged to two sources; neither of them, however, intentionally mischievous. One of them was, the President's persistence in a policy, or in the practice of a theory, which was enunciated by him long ago, before his accession to the Presidency, and to which he has long been known to be passionately attached, but which has never been regarded with any considerable degree of popular favor. The other was, somewhat paradoxically, the President's abandonment and repudiation of a policy to which in his earlier career he expressed the strongest possible attachment, and which the public unquestionably approves and indeed demands.

If only he had done precisely the opposite, and had abandoned the policy to which he has clung, and had maintained that which he has repudiated!

The first of these policies was correctly referred to by Senator Hitchcock when he said that "The President belongs to the school of political philosophers who adhere to the belief that all important legislation should originate with and be proposed by the Executive to the Legislative body." That is, we believe, exactly true, according not only to Mr. Wilson's present practice but also to his former very deliberate and thoughtful utterances. Years ago he described the Presidential chair as having originally been—by implication, having been intended by the framers of the Constitution to be—"the true centre of the Federal structure, the real Throne of Administration, and the frequent source of politics." In these later years, however, it "has fallen from its first estate of dignity, because its power has waned"; and he explained, in what seemed unmistakably

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to be a tone of regret and reproof, that " its power has waned because the power of Congress has become predominant." Again translated into the brief, terse phrases of the Man in the Street, the President used to be and ought to be the ruler of the nation, but his place has now been usurped by Congress.

From what the President received that impression of the original estate of the Presidency, we cannot venture to suggest. Certainly we do not find in the records of the early Presidents and their administrations any warrant for it. We do not think that Washington or John Adams or Jefferson sought to exalt himself above the representatives of the people. Neither do we find authority for it in the Constitution, the very first words of which, following the Preamble, are: " All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States." It is true that the British system affords an example of the initiation of legislation by the executive administration, but that is manifestly inapplicable to this country, because of the radical difference between a Ministry responsible to the Legislature and dependent upon it for tenure of office, and a President and Cabinet not thus responsible and not thus dependent.

We are quite in accord with Senator Hitchcock in thinking that the enforcement of the President's views upon Congress has generally had good results. But we are equally in accord with his addendum, that to this rule there must now and then be exception; and we cannot help thinking that an exception or two must be made in these recent cases. We have been informed, without contradiction, that the President did not wish a committee of the Senate to report to that body a bill for the creation of a War Cabinet, and that he objected to any discussion of the subject in the Senate. Now it may be that the bill as originally proposed was in some respects inadvisable and even improper. We rather think that it was. But those were faults to be corrected through discussion and conference. It is simply impossible to admit for a moment the proposition that the President is qualified to dictate to Congress what legislation it shall and shall not propose, and what subjects it shall and shall not discuss, and any attempt at or inclination toward the exercise of such dictation is inevitably calculated to produce precisely such friction as that which we have all been

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deploring. The Presidential chair is not and never was meant to be a " throne " of any kind, and the less frequently it is the " source of politics " the better it will be.

The other source of friction to which we have referred is to be discerned in the increasing inclination of the President toward secretiveness. This, as we have said, is an abandonment of his former and more commendable policy. We all remember his admirable denunciations of " secret government " and his high professions of devotion to transparent openness. " My hobby," he declared, " is the hobby of publicity. I cannot imagine any portion of the public business which can be privately and confidentially dealt with. The root of all evil in politics is privacy and concealment." Yet there has of late in his administration been a conduct of affairs with a degree of secrecy unprecedented in American history. Of this, two examples will be sufficiently illuminating. Senator Chamberlain made some strong charges concerning what he regarded as the inefficiency of the Administration, particularly in the War Department; and the reply of the Administration, made through the Secretary of War, was that Mr. Chamberlain was uninformed of the really great achievements of that Department—in brief, did not know what the Administration was doing. (The President's personal reply we have already cited.)

Now the obvious rejoinder, not for Mr. Chamberlain but for the nation to make, is that the Senator and his colleagues ought to have known all about it, and the Administration should have seen to it that they were kept constantly informed to the fullest degree of the work that was being done. It may be that it is desirable to keep a great many facts secret, concerning our preparations for the prosecution of the war. With that we are fully agreed; though we do think that American citizens are entitled to know as much about their own affairs as their enemies across the sea are permitted to know about them. But it is an indescribable anomaly for some of the most important details of administration to be kept secret from the very Chairman of that Committee of the Senate which is charged with the duty and responsibility of devising ways and means for the prosecution of the work. Of what profit is it to have a Senate Committee on Military Affairs if it is not to know what the War Department is doing? Would not a rubber stamp do as well? We should think that one of the first, most

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important and certainly most welcome duties of the Secretary of War should be to keep constantly and intimately in touch with the committees of both Houses on Military Affairs. In no other way could the prompt and ungrudging support of Congress be so certainly assured.

Again, strongly resenting the proposal of Congress to provide for a reorganization of the Executive departments by the creation of a War Cabinet and a Secretaryship of Munitions, the President sent to Congress as the alternative an omnibus, blank check bill, giving him autocratic authority to make any changes he pleased in the Executive departments, without in the least indicating what the changes were to be. Under the bill as drafted he could have combined the Treasury Department and the Labor Department in one, and could have made the Navy Department a bureau of the Department of Agriculture. Now, we have no idea that any such extravagant excursions were contemplated by the President, and we are quite confident that some considerable reorganization of departments and bureaus, for the elimination of red tape and the consolidation of responsibility, is highly desirable. But we must regard it as extraordinary for even the President, occupying what he esteems to be the " Throne of Administration," to ask to be invested with so sweeping powers without the slightest intimation as to the extent to which and the direction in which they are to be exercised. For the President to object to Congress's so much as considering a change in the organization of the Executive departments, and in the next breath to ask it to give him autocratic power to do anything with them that he wishes, is certainly apt to give rise to regrettable friction. It was observed that as soon as, a few days later, some explanations and assurances concerning the proposed reorganizations were forthcoming, the opposition to such a measure began to abate. There was no opposition to reorganization, *per se*. All recognized that it was desirable. But there was a very strong conviction that sweeping changes in the Executive department of the Government ought not to be authorized without the legislative representatives of the people having some inkling of what they were to be. Had the President's executive reorganization bill been prepared and introduced in that spirit of publicity which the President himself formerly so much commended and boasted, it might have been enacted, *nem. con.*, within three days.

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When the President went before Congress and frankly disclosed the course and condition of our relations with Germany, there was an instantaneous and most favorable response to his proposal of a suspension of diplomatic intercourse. When he similarly made known the necessity for accepting Germany's arrogant gage of war, there was a similar response, as prompt, as ungrudging and as unanimous as even he could have wished. Such, indeed, has been the case on every occasion when, with his unsurpassed powers of elucidation and persuasive argument, he has sought coördination and coöperation of the Executive and Legislative departments. And what has been done can be done again. All that is needed to abate friction—all that was needed to avoid it—is the renewal and maintenance of that frank policy of confidence and coöperation.

Congress must recognize that the President is bearing, like the Weary Titan, "the load well nigh not to be borne," and must be helpful to him and not add to his embarrassments. The President, too, needs to realize that Congress is just as much concerned as he in the successful prosecution of the war, and that it is seeking to aid and not to hinder him. The two must confide in each other. They must be coördinated. We are fighting for Democracy. It would be lamentable at such a time for Democrats to fight among themselves; or show Democracy to be inefficient; or to compel Democracy to be transformed, even temporarily, into Autocracy.

THE HUNNISHNESS OF THE HUN

It is now and then worth while to recall a bit of history, to point a present moral. We now and then meet with someone, "good, easy man," who is so forgetful of the not distant past that he regards the present perversity of Germany as quite a new thing, and the moral degeneracy of William the Damned as an unprecedented phenomenon; and without being unduly pessimistic we are inclined to fear that a great many of our complacent and more or less oblivious fellow citizens cherish that same delusion; the fact being that the turpitude of the Kaiser and his Huns in our day is nothing but the logical and consistent culmination of a policy which had its origin at least as far back as that Great Frederick who,

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with his grandfather and himself, constitutes the trinity of the Kaiser's adoration, and which was especially emphasized, readopted and developed in the circumstances and ways and means of the creation of the present Prussianized empire.

Mr. James Brown Scott, in his monumental work on *International Relations Between the United States and Germany, August 1, 1914-April 6, 1917,* reminds us of many pertinent facts of history to this effect; of which space will permit us to cite no more than two. These remind us of the almost incredible moral turpitude with which the creation of the present German Empire was marked. It is unpleasant to believe such things of Bismarck, who despite his crimes was one of the world's greatest constructive statesmen, and we could not do so had he not himself confirmed them, with cynical exultation in their efficiency.

One is, of course, the familiar incident of Bismarck's deliberately falsifying the Ems telegraphic dispatch, for the direct purpose of provoking France into a declaration of war. He had long before determined upon a war, as a means of unifying Germany under Prussian suzerainty, of crushing Germany's only continental rival, of enriching the German treasury with a huge cash indemnity, and of securing a slice of French territory which Germany needed for the mineral wealth which it contained. But in order to assure the first aim, German unity, and also in order to win the sympathy, or at least assure the neutrality, of other Powers, it was highly desirable that France should declare the war and make the attack, so that Germany could pose before the world as being on the defensive and could thus with the better grace demand an indemnity at the end.

Try as hard as he could, however, Bismarck was unable to provoke France into a quarrel, until the dispatch in question presented an opportunity. Had he transmitted it honestly, as it was written, peace would have remained unbroken. But by maliciously falsifying it, by garbling its contents and suppressing an essential portion of them, he made it a certain provocation to immediate war, at a time when he knew that France was quite unprepared while Germany was fully prepared. He kept the monstrous falsification, of course, a profound secret until after the war, when it was too late to undo its effects. It was only because of that falsification, it was only because they were deceived into believing that France was really the aggressor, that Bavaria and other German

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States were prevailed upon to ally themselves with Prussia in what they mistakenly supposed to be a war of defence against French aggression.

That was in 1870. Just forty-four years later came a singularly close parallel. William the Damned had decided upon war with France, in order again to crush her and rob her and steal some more of her rich soil. But in order to obey the German Constitution, and in order to command the support of his ally, Austria-Hungary, it was necessary to make it appear that France had begun the war and that Germany was on the defensive. Not having the subtlety of Bismarck, and not having a chance to forge or garble a telegram, he simply lied. He declared that France had begun the war by an unprovoked and hostile military invasion of Germany and the commission therein of overt acts of war. Afterward it was officially confessed that there was not a word of truth in this. But it was " a good enough Morgan until after election." It served its purpose, and the war of 1914 was founded on a lie, as that of 1870 had been founded on a forgery. There was nothing extraordinary in the later crime. It was simply the logical successor of the former one. William the Damned showed himself an apt pupil of the Pilot whom he had dropped.

The other incident which Mr. Scott recalls to mind preceded this by a few years, but was a part of the same infernal intrigue; and it was nothing less than the Prussian Government's practical connivance at an attempt to assassinate the Czar of Russia. This was on the occasion of Alexander's visit to Paris, along with the other European sovereigns, at the international exhibition of 1867. Already Bismarck was planning for war against France, and was scheming to prevent any other country from coming to the aid of that power when the might of united Germany should be crushing it. Above all he was solicitous concerning the attitude and course of Russia, and he feared that during the visit to Paris the Czar might become too friendly with Napoleon III, who was then at the zenith of his reign.

When, therefore, one of Bismarck's innumerable spies brought word that a young Pole was preparing to assassinate the Czar in the streets of Paris, the Prussian statesman hailed it as a godsend. He saw in it an opportunity at once to alienate Alexander from France and to win his grateful friendship for Prussia. He therefore gave orders to his

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spies that the matter should not be disclosed to the French police, but that the would-be assassin should be permitted to proceed with his murderous attempt; but that a Prussian spy should be at hand to interfere at the last moment so as to deflect the shot from the imperial target. Thus, Bismarck reckoned, the Czar would be led to think that Napoleon had not sufficiently safeguarded him, and would in consequence be estranged from France; while at the same time he would be grateful to Prussia because a Prussian had saved his life.

The very day before the commission of the crime one of Bismarck's jackals reported the matter to him, saying:

"I have, of course, been very careful not to put the assassin under arrest; but I have given orders to one of my best agents to follow him step by step and not to leave him."

To this, Bismarck replied:

"Well done; . . and one of your agents, without doing anything to prevent the shooting, will take hold of the arm of the assassin and deflect the mortal shot. . . . Thus while the crime will be averted, the attempt will remain. . . . Realizing that the French police were not able to protect him, Czar Alexander will leave France with the most unfavorable impression."

Next day at Longchamps the shot was fired, as Bismarck intended it to be; the assassin's arm was struck at the moment and the shot went wild; and the neutrality of Russia was assured in the coming war. That is to say, in order to gain a diplomatic point Bismarck deliberately compounded a felony. He permitted the Czar to be made the target of an assassin's bullet, trusting to the good luck and quick act of a bystander to disturb the aim at the very moment when the trigger was being pulled. If the bullet had found its mark and the Czar had been killed, Bismarck would have been a party to the murder, as guilty as the actual slayer himself. We should doubt if the modern history of the world contains another equally atrocious example of cold-blooded villainy—unless it be that, as many have charged on very plausible grounds, the murder of the Austrian Heir Presumptive and his wife at Sarajevo was planned and ordered by the Austrian court at German instigation, in order to provide a pretext for the present war.

This happened, it is true, half a century ago. But it is of present pertinence as a reminder of the moral principles upon which the Hohenzollern German Empire was founded,

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and which were inculcated in his youth into the mind of the perverted criminal who now occupies the German throne. These two incidents afford, moreover, so striking a precedent parallel to the suspected circumstances and known facts of the present war as to provoke a certain wonder at the poverty of German ingenuity. In 1867 and 1870 the *modus operandi* was first to connive at attempted murder, and then to lie. In 1914 it was, first to connive at actual murder, and then to lie. Can the much vaunted inventive genius of Germany devise no other method of starting a great war, that it is content with such repetition?

These things are profitable to recall, too, because they inform us of the character of the foe with which we have to deal, and give to the world the amplest vindication that could be desired of the President's demand that in the making of peace we shall have some more reputable and trustworthy government to deal with than that of the perjured and murderous Hohenzollerns. It would be nothing short of insulting to ask self-respecting peoples to enter into negotiations with a government whose ordinary methods of diplomacy comprise forgery and assassination. We have spoken of the principles which prevailed at the founding of the German Empire. They were Prussian principles, enunciated and adopted by the founder of Prussia's power. "Know once and for all," said Frederick the Great, "that in the matter of kingcraft we take when we can, and that we are never wrong unless we have to give back what we have taken." That is the spirit of the Hohenzollern Hun. Any theft—of Poland, of Schleswig-Holstein, of Alsace-Lorraine—is to be approved so long as it is successful. The only evil is, to be compelled to relinquish the loot.

Upon such a basis as that, this country cannot stand, nor can it maintain relations of friendship and confidence with any power that does so. Such principles and practices as those of the Hohenzollerns are an offence and a menace to civilization and to democracy. They are no more to be compromised with than is a mad dog or a pestilence. The only way to deal with them is to destroy them, and to destroy all who persist in them. Those who renounce them, and replace them with the principles of civilized States, may be welcomed back into the fellowship of peace-loving and law-abiding nations. But for those who cling to practices of perjury and assassination, there is nothing left but the application

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of the inexorable rule, They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.

BRAZIL'S INTEREST IN THE WAR

Brazil's entry into the war is abundantly explicable and justifiable on several grounds. We are not inclined so greatly to vaunt ourselves as to attribute it chiefly to Brazil's friendship for the United States and her desire to follow our example and to give us support, though we have good reason for believing that those motives were by no means without force. Another powerful reason is found in Brazil's prompt and comprehensive recognition of Germany's violation of international law and of the obligation incumbent upon every law-abiding State to resent such action and to suppress it if need be with force and arms.

A third reason, from the purely selfish point of view the strongest of all, was supplied by Germany's scarcely dissembled intention some day to dismember Brazil and to plant upon some of its fragments a German colonial empire. It was with that end in view that German settlers flocked by thousands into those five southern States of Brazil, the climate and other conditions of which were most favorable for their residence. It was for that purpose that those settlers remained German in language and customs, and saw to it that their children and children's children did the same. Years ago a German traveler and publicist, Dr. Leyser, writing in The North American Review, blurted out the truth:

"Nowhere are our colonies, those loyal offshoots from the mother root, so promising as here. To-day in these provinces over thirty per cent. of the inhabitants are Germans, or of German descent, and the ratio of their natural increase far exceeds that of the Portuguese. Surely to us belongs this part of the world, and the key to it all is Santa Catharina, stretching from the harbor of San Francisco far into the interior, with its hitherto undeveloped, hardly suspected wealth. Here, indeed, in Southern Brazil, is a rich and healthy land, where the German immigrant may retain his nationality, where for all that is comprised in the word 'Germanismus' a glorious future smiles."

That and some other utterances of the same tenor were

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regarded as indiscreet, and the Wilhelmstrasse hastened to counteract them with camouflage. Under instructions from his Imperial Master the German Ambassador at Washington, Speck von Sternburg, wrote to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW denying that Germany had any thought of seizing a part of South America, and arguing that there was no ulterior significance whatever in the German colonization of Southern Brazil.

The speciousness and insincerity of his representations and arguments were, however, readily recognizable, and they were recognized by all well informed and thoughtful men, both here and in Brazil. It was doubtless true, as the Wilhelmstrasse represented, that many, perhaps most, of the German settlers in Brazil became naturalized Brazilian citizens. But that meant nothing, seeing that Germany, alone of all nations, maintained a system of dual allegiance, under which a German subject could swear allegiance to a foreign country and become a citizen of it without forfeiting his German nationality and allegiance; his explicit renunciation of all allegiance to Germany in his naturalization oath being regarded as merely so much camouflage, uttered with a convenient "mental reservation."

Moreover, it was actually to Germany's interest, it was a part of the plot, to have these colonists become Brazilian citizens. That was the means by which a German conquest of Brazil, perhaps of all South America, was to be effected without violating the Monroe Doctrine or giving the United States cause for intervention. It was recognized that this country would not for a moment permit aliens to overthrow the Brazilian Government or to seize Brazilian territory. But it was also perceived that the United States was strongly committed to the principle of self-determination, and to that, also, of non-intervention in civil strife or even in intra-American conflicts. It did not intervene when a revolution overthrew one government and set up another; when a part of a South American republic revolted and seceded, or when one South American State went to war with another and annexed some of its territory as spoils of victory.

It was upon the basis of these principles that Germany looked for conquest in Brazil. Said a distinguished German diplomat to the writer of these lines: "You concede the right of people to determine their own form of government, do you not; and, therefore, the right of revolution? Yes; because

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your own government was founded upon that principle. Then if the citizens—the citizens, mind you—of some of the Brazilian States become dissatisfied with the government of that country, and decided to set up an independent government of their own, you could not object; no? Very well. You also concede the right of independent American States to go to war with each other, and even to annex each other's land by way of indemnity or otherwise; do you not? Yes; I remember that you did not intervene when Chili went to war with Bolivia and Peru, and when she annexed as spoils of war some of their most valuable territory, depriving Bolivia altogether of her frontage upon the sea. So; I assume that if the new States formed of former States of Brazil were in time to find cause for war with the remnant of Brazil, you would not forbid it, nor would you intervene if as a result of that war the new States took some more Brazilian territory. Or, if in time this new State became involved in war with some other South American republic, and whipped it, and took some of its territory, would you consider that a violation of the Doctrine of Monroe? I think not, and so I think that you will some day find it difficult, at least on the ground of Monroeism, to check the development of Germanismus in the Western Hemisphere."

So Albrecht Wirth, in his *Volkstum und Weltmacht in der Geschichte,* ten years before the war, declared: "If we do not soon acquire new territory, a frightful catastrophe is inevitable. It signifies little whether it be in Brazil, in Siberia, in Anatolia or in South Africa."

These German designs upon Brazil, and through her upon all South America, have been perfectly well known in that country. It was realized there, long before our own short-sighted and happy-go-lucky pacifists perceived it, that America would have in the near future to defend itself against a hostile Germany, just as a century ago it had to defend itself against the menace of the German-inspired Holy Alliance. At Rio de Janeiro no secret was made of the fact, no matter how much it may have been ignored or pooh-poohed here, that it was for protection against Germany that the two great dreadnoughts, *Minas Geraes* and *Sao Paulo,* were built ten years ago, and that at the same time a universal military service law was enacted.

The apprehensions of that time are now realized, and Brazil is not as unready as we to meet them. That is why she

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has entered the war so promptly and with so much potential efficiency. It is a war for which she has been preparing, and which she recognizes to be a war for the preservation of her own integrity as well as for the vindication of international law and the safeguarding of democracy throughout the world.

LOSS OF TRADE AND NEED OF SHIPS

It may seem strange to speak of the decline in foreign trade which we are suffering, seeing that the much-quoted figures for last year show a substantial increase in both exports and imports over those for 1916 and of course for any preceding year. It must be remembered, however, that these figures express values and not volumes. There has been an increase in the gross value of our commerce in both directions, but there has also been an increase in the prices of most commodities, and there is reason to suspect that the latter increase has been the greater of the two, in which case we must conclude that there has been an actual decrease in the quantities of goods shipped.

Thus there was in 1917 over 1916 an increase of something more than 13 per cent in the total value of exports, and of 23 per cent in that of imports. But at the same time there was, it is estimated, an increase of at least 30 per cent on the average prices of the commodities dealt in. If that estimate be correct, there was a considerable diminution of the volume of trade. A further analysis of the figures show us where the chief loss occurred, and suggests graphically the effect of war conditions upon commerce and the increasing urgency of the needs of our Allies.

It seems probable that the only countries of Europe to which we sent as much volume in 1917 as in 1916 were Italy and Spain. To them our total exports increased respectively 38 and 44 per cent; or somewhat more than the average rise in prices. To several other countries there was a smaller increase, not so great as that in prices. To France, for example, the total increase was less than 10 per cent; to Russia in Europe it was less than 2 per cent; and to the United Kingdom it was less than 7 per cent. Such small increases, against a rise in prices of from three to fifteen times as much can mean only one thing, that those coun-

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tries received a much less quantity of goods from us last year than the year before. Seeing that their own capacity for production—of food, at any rate—was less, as was also their ability to procure supplies elsewhere, we can begin to understand how serious a scarcity now besets them, and can understand both the strict rationing system which has been adopted in Great Britain and France, and the eager and urgent desire which those countries have for our long-promised expansion of our merchant marine.

The other European countries have, of course, fared still worse, seeing that there has been a decrease in the total value of their receipts from us. Our exports to Belgium declined 26 per cent, to Denmark 25 per cent, to the Netherlands 25 per cent, to Greece 75 per cent, to Norway 6 per cent, and to Sweden 57 per cent. Take into account with these figures the 30 per cent increase in prices, and the shrinkage of the volume of their receipts is realized to have been enormous.

So far as the Scandinavian countries and the Netherlands are concerned, the diminution of trade might be attributed largely to the embargo which was directed against them on account of their diversion of goods to Germany. In the cases of our Allies, however, it must be attributed in part to the ravages of the U-boats against cargo shipping, and partly to the use of shipping for the transportation of our troops and their supplies to France and therefore the diversion of it from the work of supplying our Allies.

These conditions are further emphasized by the contrast between our trade with Europe and that with other parts of the world. Thus to Canada our exports, not by ship but by land routes, were 37 per cent more than in 1916, meaning some increase in volume; and to Mexico the increase was no less than 105 per cent, or more than to any other country, an indication of improving relations with that country and improving conditions within it. To Brazil and to Argentina there was an increase of 40 per cent each, and to Chili of 72 per cent. Of course in our commerce with those countries there is no trouble from U-boats. To Cuba and to Central America the increase was only 19 and 13 per cent respectively, presumably indicating a decrease in volume.

Exports to China increased 29 per cent, and to the British East Indies 26 per cent, showing a slight loss in quantity; and to British South Africa 21 per cent, showing

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a larger loss. To Russia in Asia there was an actual loss in values of 22 per cent, with of course a very large decline in volume. To Australia and New Zealand there was a decrease of 6 per cent in value, and a loss of volume. But to Japan, perhaps largely because she sent her own ships for the goods, there was an increase in values of no less than 70 per cent, while our own Philippines again showed their commercial worth to us with an increase of 73 per cent.

These figures may be disappointing to some, who imagined from the statistics of total values that our foreign trade was enormously increasing in volume and that we were abundantly supplying the needs of our Allies. They should serve as a potent stimulus to all thoughtful Americans to do with increased energy and efficiency two things of capital importance. One is, to increase our production of foodstuffs of all kinds, so as to meet our own needs and the needs of our Allies, without, if possible, the strict rationing which now is necessary. The other is, to build ships, to build ships, and yet again to build ships, with all the energy that ever has been credited to our much-boasted American enterprise.

The bald, bare facts of the case are that while the needs of our Allies have been increasing, our supplies to them have been diminishing, and that with the increasing number of men whom, Mr. Baker says, we are to send across the ocean in the near future, our capacity to supply our Allies will be still further lessened unless at the same time we increase greatly our cargo-carrying tonnage. That is why one of the supreme duties and necessities of the time is to think ships, to talk ships, to plan ships, to build ships, to place in commission ships, *ships,* SHIPS!

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THE GREAT ILLUSION ABOUT GERMANY

BY F. V. KEYS

Of all the features of the Great War that make it a war without precedent and without parallel in history, none is so fraught with incalculable consequences to the future of civilization as the fact that this is literally a war not of armies, nor of governments, but of entire peoples. There is no other feature of the struggle which it is of such supreme and present importance for all who hope for a stable peace to bear in mind and attempt to understand. For at this hour the Power that precipitated war at the moment of her own choosing is attempting to precipitate peace, also at the moment of her choice.

Now this Power is the very one that is responsible for the fact that this is a war of whole nations—this Power which, at the very outset of hostilities, mobilized not only every human and every material resource of her people, but also every inherited ideal and loyalty, every future hope and aspiration, of the nation; which deliberately, for the first time in history, has made a by-word of culture, by betraying it into the service of ferocious military aggression. The solidarity of the German nation, first in evolving and next in maintaining this condition of affairs, is such as to have succeeded in imposing a similar solidarity on each successive opponent as these entered the field against her. But there is the gravest danger of the democratic peoples forgetting that the organization they uneasily submit to, as a necessary measure in a moment of national peril, represents the settled habit and accepted mode of German thought and action throughout the whole of the history of the German Empire, and for centuries in the case of the dominant partner in that empire, Prussia.

Just as we see ourselves approaching an external resem-

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blance to the German people, in that we too are perforce assuming the aspect of an armed camp, there is the danger that we shall project into our view of German mentality some of the rooted aspects of our own: the taking for granted that government expresses the will of the people, that it is responsible to the people; our incapacity to consider whole classes of our fellows as compounded of different clay, as by birth endued with social and political privileges beyond ourselves; our oblivion of the existence of a State Church and the enormous weight of its combined ecclesiastical and political prestige in enforcing its policies in the education of youth and in controlling the political and social fortunes of individuals. No consideration of the German nation that fails to face the enormous gulf that separates them from modern democracies in the only province that counts here, the province of political thinking, will serve any purposes save those of the modern scientific feudalism entrenched less strongly in the soil of its opponents than in the brain and the very blood of its own people, whether they belong to the class that issues or the mass that takes orders. It is in the interest of these latter, as it is in the interest, finally, of even the former, that we who have evolved another philosophy and another practice of government, should see the German people as they really are politically—not as our ignorance, or a shallow idealism, or self-delusion, would wish them to be.

Every appeal to the German people over the heads of its leaders, every attempt to impress it with the good faith and disinterestedness of its opponents in this war, every assurance that we are fighting, not for the extermination of the German people but for their right to develop their great virtues and manifest genius in the humane forms ensured alone under the influence of free institutions, pre-supposes in Germany the existence of at least a kernel of the sort of thought which we describe by the phrase "public opinion." But no one who has been long and intimately familiar with the inside of German institutions, with the ways of thinking in typical German circles, whether liberal or conservative so-called, with the whole political atmosphere breathed by radical or reactionary within the borders of the German Empire, can hesitate to say that *there never has been in Germany any such thing as public opinion.*

In the summer of 1912 I happened to hear an address

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made before the *Frauenintéressenverein* of Munich by a German who had just returned from a visit to this country. He was representative of the most liberal thought in the intellectual and artistic circles of South Germany, and a vein of Anglo-Saxon blood in his descent made him an excellent observer. His hosts and guides in his journey across this continent were among the leaders of progressive ideas in various fields of American social endeavor. In reporting his impressions of America, he said that, to a German, the most striking and novel thing in this country was the element which invariably entered into all discussion, and which people called " public opinion." He had asked at first what party it represented. He was told it represented no one party; that it was outside of all parties, that it constituted, in fact, the court of appeal from party. Everywhere he went, among all kinds of people, he heard the phrase, and everywhere it was used unquestioningly as indicating that which, in the last analysis, everything must be referred to, and, in the last decision, judged by. It could not be likened or even compared to any German arbiter of opinion, to any of the existing German hierarchies, whether military or courtly or ecclesiastical or political. For while remaining always unidentified with party opinion, this public opinion on occasion drew on the ranks of all parties, who appeared to meet on a plane of thought and purpose where party lines disappeared and where the broader distinctions of right and wrong divided men into opposing groups. In other words, what was recognized by Americans as the sovereign power in all matters of debate, was apparently none other than the judging power lodged in the moral responsibility of the people at large, a judging power invoked to decide public questions and pass sentence on public officers on a basis of the plain human issues involved, and in the large interests of humanity itself. Now this, he said, it was almost impossible to make a German audience understand. For it meant a national psychology different not so much in degree as in kind. For in Germany, there were always just two bodies of opinion on any and every matter: there was the Government, and there was the opposition. No one really got outside of these two categories.

The truth of this presentation of the case, on the German side, the events of the war have proved almost past belief. We have seen that the group of men which in every

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country is assumed to be vowed to a strict observance of ascertained fact, the scientists, in Germany distinguished themselves by issuing to the world a document denying flagrant facts on the sole authority of their word, so that the famous *Es Ist Nicht Wahr* throws into the shade all the prerogatives claimed by the bulls issued over the signature of papal infallibility. Meanwhile, the intellectual leaders of all schools, not excluding those that had coquetted with the political "left" and had sedulously followed the lead of æsthetic and literary innovators in Paris and London, closed up their ranks with the Government, and left nothing unsaid that would fan the belief of the masses that this was a holy war in defense of German culture itself. And the opposition? It did precisely the same.

The reason for this is plain, and of the utmost moment for us in America to bear in mind whenever and wherever the idea of a negotiated peace with Germany, as she now stands, is put forward.

Why is it so impossible for the German mind to apprehend and understand that which we mean by "public opinion"? For the reason that the German nation has always been, psychologically, on a war footing. Her mentality has been, in a quite literal sense, the mentality of an army. And an army is the one place where there can be no public opinion. An army, indeed, is allowed its recreation, when off duty. Nor is the censorship strict in regard to the range and license permitted to those who furnish its recreation, provided these do not infringe upon the authority of the army discipline. Many foreigners, especially Anglo-Saxons, were misled into believing in the emancipated political state of German opinion by the extreme freedom with which the German novel and particularly the German stage treated all social traditions and conventions, especially those pertaining to sex. The grossness of the extremely clever German caricaturists was indicative of a public graduated, in the highest as in the meanest of its members, from the barracks. Not alone the military barracks, but the educational ones, where during a long and rigidly enforced attendance the German mind was trained in the two essentials of an army, absolute reliance on the officers and unremitting apprehension of the near presence and treachery of the foe. The discipline of the class-room was in no way behind that of the army, for which it prepared and shaped the whole youth

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of the country. And from the authority of the schoolmaster there was as little appeal as from the authority of the commanding officer.

Nothing speaks so eloquently of the intolerable interlocking of parental and school authority in Germany as the steadily rising toll of child suicide, expected and occurring yearly with the return of the Easter promotions in the schools. Where the results of an examination were responsible for making or unmaking a career, the burden upon the pupil was beyond the strength of all those not capable of assimilating an army drill, and caught between the school and a parent trained to know better than to connive by sympathy at the undermining of authority. The German gymnasiast, of an age corresponding to that of our high-school boys, presented a compound of solid learning and extraordinary academic maturity, with a feudal political mentality that could be described intelligibly to an Anglo-Saxon only by the term "arrested political development." But the same youth might show, if living in one of the larger centers, a literary and dramatic and artistic taste formed on the best classics and the most advanced modern works in these provinces. And for that side of him, too, the Government was responsible, tightening its grip on his loyalty by its insistence in making him a creature of a masterful power and efficiency in every domain, and never letting him stray for a moment beyond its watchful attentiveness to his needs. Every schoolboy in Germany was made to feel himself the future defender of not only the boundaries but of the genius of his country against an obviously inferior and covertly jealous world. How deeply the German nature took the mould thus imposed, the world has seen.

And what of the "opposition"? What, under the disguise of mere name, of mere profession, and of merely domestic policies, does the "opposition" in the German nation signify today to the enemies of autocracy and the friends of democracy in the ranks of the Allies? Are they justified by the history and temper of that "opposition" in regarding it as a possible purchase on the German people in the interest of an internal revolutionary movement against the present German Government?

First, as to its history. There are here two capital points to be noted. They can only be indicated, but their far-reaching effects will occur to every student or thinker

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on the subject of those practical politics that make, and do not only criticise, history. The first point is, the essentially exclusive pre-occupation of the German Socialists in the Reichstag with questions and measures of purely domestic policy, the pouring of their whole energy into the attempt to push forward the enfranchisement of the laboring classes, the re-distribution of electoral districts, nationalization or municipalization of transport and commodities, and the general insurance measures for the workers. In all this, neither the dangers nor the responsibilities attaching to foreign policies were in the minds of the Socialist leaders, still less on their programme for the education of the masses. This was to a certain extent inevitable. The German nation as a whole was absorbed, until Bismarck fell, in consolidating the newly raised structure of the German Empire, itself the creature of a military annexationist policy, which crowned its Emperor at Versailles, and proceeded to build itself up internally by turning into its commerce and industry the proceeds of the enormous indemnity imposed on France, by exploiting scientifically the two rich annexed provinces and expropriating their French inhabitants to make room for German colonists.

It was under this régime that the present Reichstag Socialist party was born. The master of this régime, Bismarck, was the parliamentary trainer of the first and greatest of the Socialist leaders, August Bebel, who applauds, in his *Memoirs,* the openness with which the Chancellor conducted his side of the argument. But the fight Bebel fought with Bismarck was a fight within the Empire only. That the German masses should be satisfied with this as the one and only necessary struggle, was merely the natural result of their complete inexperience in all government, as it was also the foregone conclusion from the very nature of the Reichstag itself, permitted to exist only as a place where the measures designed by the Government might previously be submitted to public debate, and thus furnish to the Government reliable proof of the condition of parties, by which it could be safely guided as to time and occasion for furthering its own ends. But for us at the present time it is momentous to remember that during the period when the German Socialist party was still virgin—as yet unwedded to Blacks or Blues for the purpose of obtaining its own domestic ends—it was breathing an air infected with the

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triumph of aggressive military imperialism. Its leaders had so little inborn political consciousness as practically to ignore the whole question of German foreign policy in their political education of their rank and file, contenting themselves with repeating the party slogan that all armies were merely the weapon of capitalism against the home laboring class. These leaders, nevertheless, had in their own lifetime seen the German army used as the effective tool of territorial expansion against Denmark in 1864, against Austria in 1866, against France in 1870. The territorial gains in the Austrian War were slight, but the psychological gains to Prussian imperialism were enormous. The victory of Sadowa eliminated Austria as a possible leader of the already projected German Empire, and left Prussia, *on the strength of her victorious arms,* the undisputed head of that federation, to be shaped according to the ideal of an undiluted Teutonic race. And during the long period following the War of 1870, these same Socialist leaders saw that the tool which determined and achieved the aims of German foreign policy, the army, was being steadily increased in respect of size, specialization of arms, and the utmost scientific efficiency; and to this army, after the Emperor had launched a new world policy of imperialism in his declaration that "the future of Germany lies upon the seas," there was added a navy that set out to surpass that of the Power whose navy was her sole arm. Far from making it their main concern to warn the German masses against the avowed uses to which these preparations pointed, the Socialists used the Government's policy of military and naval expansion as a means of bargaining with it for certain domestic reforms of their own. Politically in their nonage, bred up not on political experience but on a political theory that dismissed all questions of foreign policy as negligible, as superseded by a policy professing to align mankind on other than national lines, the German Socialist party constituted an absolutely unreliable factor in determining the peace of Europe.

The second point to be noted in the history of the party, is that it has been, in a vital sense, an opposition on paper only. It has flourished hitherto under a constitution that foredoomed it never to come into actual power, never to be committed to the enactment of its own policies, in the face of the opposition of other parties, never even to see those measures which it fathered in debate put through except

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with the consent and assistance of the Government or of one of the reactionary groups. Invariably this consent was bought with an off-setting gain on the imperialistic side. With this as the actual process of Socialist policy, there lay in the Socialist internationalist formula—in the speeches reported abroad as flung at the head of the Government by Socialist debaters—the gravest danger to the cause of peaceful evolution toward democracy throughout the world. The inveterate tendency of human nature, let alone party leaders, to unpack its heart in words when secure against the practical consequences of those words and assured that it shall never be called on to be responsible for enacting them, becomes a peculiarly dangerous one when there exist in the responsible parliaments of democratic peoples groups of men who are urged, by their long political history, by their party devotion to party formulæ, and by their native temper, to attach to the utterances of German Socialists and the rumored discontent of the German masses, a meaning and a weight wholly illusory, a meaning so flagrantly disproved today that belief in it would be grotesque were it not so full of sinister implications for the future.

For the temper itself of the German opposition has been from its beginning that of an army within an army. How could it be otherwise? Socialists in Germany have graduated from the same schools, from the same universities, from the same army, as the imperialists. They have lived all their lives in the same mental atmosphere, that of superior and inferior, woman standing as breeder and general servant at the bottom of the scale. On one occasion, when the present writer was remarking to a German Socialist on the absence of any endeavor to promote independent judgment in the ranks of the party, the answer was given in a tone of Teutonic finality: "Here we have to fight an army. To do it, we must adopt the tactics of an army." So that for the mass of the German "opposition," the very school that was pretending to liberate them politically was busy adding another turn to the screw that held them in mental subjection.

A savage intolerance toward any form of revolutionary thought except that endorsed by the party was characteristic of leaders and followers. I have seen a mass-meeting of Socialist workmen deny, on the cue of the chairman, freedom of speech to a fellow workingman because they suspected in him an advocate of syndicalism, and I heard them applaud

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with jeers the brutal gesture that sent him reeling from the platform to the floor. Intolerance had been instilled into the thinking of the professed "opposition." From that it was only a step to the doctrine of physical force. German Socialists have been the agents of Prussian imperialism among the "comrades" of every nation. "Imperialists?" —a visiting German Socialist deputy at Geneva was quoted as saying, in an interview with a Swiss party member, in January, 1915—"of course we German Socialists are imperialists. We will conquer Europe with our army, and then socialize it."

To every German the army is the tool of his idea, the instrument of his mission. "The function of the German is to impose organization on mankind," said Ostwald, as a justification of German aggression. As for the temper of the whole German people, it had become such that no possible war that the imperialists could declare but must be regarded by them as a war of defence. An observer of the entrance of the first German troops into Luxembourg said that the most terrifying thing was the expression on the faces of the soldiers. It was that of wild beasts at bay. Their glance flashed ferociously from side to side down every cross-street and alley. They had been told that the French were already in the place, and might spring on them from ambush at any moment. It is an epitome of the teaching and the mental attitude of the German people for forty years, of Prussia for centuries. Where, in these two interlocking phalanxes, with obedience within and fear without as the two watchwords, was there room for public opinion?

Whether there is any other means of breaking up this war-complex than by breaking up the German army, it is for the German people itself, and for it alone, to say and prove. On them, and on them alone, lies the burden of proof. We must accept the word of no one else for them. We have done so once, and that once too often. The United States has spoken at last the word that History has been waiting for ever since the first volley was fired: "We can have no dealings with the present Government of the German Empire." In that word the "Necessity knows no law" of the German Chancellor got its final and logical reply. To act on that word, never to recant it, is the duty of the Republic to mankind, and to Germany.

F. V. Keys.

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GERMANY AND ALSACE-LORRAINE

HOW TO HELP ANNEXATION

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE practical proposal that the war should end, substantially, with a German evacuation of Belgium and Serbia, is certainly not so impossible, at least in the physical sense, as some might suppose. Nay, it might well be regarded as an example of history repeating itself. It might be said that the Germans have proved in the past that they possess the magnanimity and sagacity to withdraw their armies from lands in which they were in armed occupation. Thus it is a fact to be gravely noted that after 1870 the Germans did not continue to occupy the whole of France for ever. Although the King of Prussia was so satisfied with the taste and comfort of the Palace of Versailles that he selected it among all his country residences for the scene of his coronation as German Emperor, yet he good-naturedly withdrew after a time and exiled himself from these familiar scenes, retiring to some modest and unpretentious home in Potsdam or Berlin. The conquerors were even then too temperate and merciful to impose upon all the citizens of France that admirable system of German education, necessarily accompanied by the imposition of the German language, which they have imposed on that fringe of more fortunate Frenchmen whom they found living in Alsace. Notre Dame de Paris has not, after all, become in any sense a German cathedral in the same fashion as Cologne; and the quaint old symbol of the French flag, as well as a quite distinctive dress for French policemen and soldiers, still remain to attest to the wise limitation laid by the victors on themselves. In short, it is an admitted fact of history that the Germans in 1871 bestowed upon France every one of the benefits and concessions which (according to the peace proposal now before us) they would bestow upon Belgium or the Balkans.

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Those, therefore, who hold the historical thesis that Germany suffered defeat and a diminishment of power in 1870, will naturally accept the view now offered to us that the present punishment of Germany has been enough. They will naturally believe that a Germany evacuating Belgium will be a Germany as chastened, sobered and reminded of her own weakness as was the army of Moltke when it marched out of France. But those who do not think that a repetition of 1870 can be regarded merely as a lesson to the Germans, will be equally logical if they draw the opposite deduction. If Germany was in any way triumphant or exuberant after emerging undamaged from that short but dangerous adventure, it is obvious that she will be more triumphant and more exuberant after emerging from this much longer and more dangerous one. Any seeds of anything suggestive of self-satisfaction that could be detected in the German Empire for the last forty years must necessarily shoot and blossom in a more fragrant and flowery manner; any faint hints of racial ambition which anyone may have heard whispered in Germany, having been fully justified, will be plainly expressed. Any counteracting Teutonic elements of self-distrust or self-depreciation will naturally be overbalanced; any shyness or morbid self-criticism we may hitherto have remarked in the Prussian officer will be warmed by such encouragement into something almost suggestive of pride.

In plain words, if we can take at all seriously the proposal of a mere peace of evacuation, this is the only serious thing to be said of it. It will be a peace of which the Germans will talk, and of which they will even be logically justified in talking, precisely as they talk of the peace of '71. Now there is only one detail of differentiation upon which this plain fact might be challenged. It may be objected that in '71 the new German Empire forcibly annexed two French provinces on the fanciful pretext that centuries ago they admitted the feudal and very formal suzerainty of an old and utterly different German Empire. It may be urged, by those who profess to combine their care for peace with a care for justice and the liberation of peoples, that this at least will not now be repeated. The Germans will not, as might naturally be expected, declare the whole of Normandy and Picardy to be parts of Germany. This magnanimity is the more striking, and even surprising, be-

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cause the annexation would be quite in accordance with those philological and ethnological discoveries which German science has always been so fortunate in making, at the very moment when they could be confirmed and embodied by German Imperialism. The Prussian professors, upon their own principles, might easily take Normandy on the ground that it is named after the Northmen. For that matter, the Prussian professors, upon the same principles, would be quite willing to take France on the ground that it was named after the Franks. Today, however, the Teutons are content with something less than this full logic of Teutonism; and this alone marks a difference between the two cases. Even intrinsically this argument could be answered, by adducing the Pacifist or Prussian proposals about Poland; for if Prussia not only retains Posen and completes her task of turning the other Polish fragments into a fictitious state under her own protection, she will have added something to her power as much more important than Alsace-Lorraine as the annexation of the United States would be more important than the annexation of one of the smallest South American republics. Nevertheless, it will be well to concentrate here on the case of Alsace-Lorraine, and to leave the case of Poland for consideration in another context. In one very real sense, the example of the lost French provinces really is the mark and test of this war, in comparison with the other aggressive wars of Prussia; and it is certain that public opinion everywhere will regard the fate of these provinces as the register of Prussian victory or defeat.

The writer of these lines is an Englishman; but he is Anti-Prussian, primarily because he is a European. He also happens, however, to be vividly convinced of, and vitally concerned for, certain ideals not always associated with Anti-Prussianism; ideals by no means common to all Europeans and if anything rather uncommon among Englishmen. The two most directly concerned here are the dogma of democracy and, what is perhaps a negative deduction from it, the distrust or even detestation of what is called Imperialism. It is, at this point, particularly to those who agree with him in being democrats and Anti-Imperialists, that the consideration of a certain plain fact is here commended very urgently indeed. It concerns the absolute and adamantine necessity of restoring these provinces as the lawful possessions of the French Republic; and of refusing any proposal for Ger-

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many retaining them upon any pretext, or even any proposal for neutralizing them in the manner of Belgium (an ominous parallel) or for confusing the issue by an impossible and intrinsically inconclusive scheme of voting. And I believe that the point, in the most extreme degree that is possible in politics, can be proved with the clarity of mathematics.

If there were an Imperialist Primer or a Grammar of Land-Grabbing, the first and simplest exercise in the encouragement of the art, would be this example of the refusal of the provinces to France. It is an exercise in the encouragement of territorial theft; it is annexation made easy; it is a military model for invasion. But it is, from the standpoint of a democrat and Anti-Imperialist, something yet more than that. It not only smooths the path of invaders, but it quite specially smooths the path of despotic invaders. It not only leaves all lands helpless at the mercy of the land-grabber, but it leaves democratic lands particularly helpless. It not only gives an advantage to anyone who wishes to conquer, but another and quite special advantage to anyone who is ready to enslave. This is the thesis to be proved; and I think it can be proved.

For what was it, after all, that Prussia did after the Franco-Prussian War? She forcibly took over two great populations of passionately patriotic Frenchmen, about whose allegiance and affections there was at the time literally no doubt whatever. They not only personally felt but they publicly declared that they were being carried into captivity against their will. If voting is so very important, the vote was overwhelming. Large masses of them, having expressed their feelings thus, expressed the same feelings further by leaving the country at great sacrifice, that they might continue to live under the French flag. For the last forty years a continuous stream of them has poured over the frontier; men who deliberately left their native province in order to live in their native land. In their place came Germans, many of them planted there officially, nearly all of them planted artificially; according to the same principle by which Prussia was making artificial plantations in Poland. Now for this sort of official colonization despotic power is obviously useful, is often necessary. A tyrannical government can manage such things infinitely more easily than a free government. If the French Republic told a Breton who was fond of Britanny to go and live in Alsace, he would not go.

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But Prussia can always command a type of tame population which will go anywhere to which the route is officially organized. She will never lack colonists equipped with every convenience, except the capacity to colonize. It is therefore simply as plain as a pikestaff (a very appropriate figure for the staff of the Teutonic pilgrim) that if we accept a Teutonic transformation in Alsace as settling the matter, we simply hoist a signal to say that such matters can always be settled by annexation, so long as it is annexation by an autocracy. We offer a permanent prize and provocation to conquerors, so long as they are also despots. The military ruler has only to send in one body of his slaves in uniform and then another body of his slaves in mufti; and lands will be perpetually added to the possessions of pure despotism, amid pacifist cheers for the principle of pure democracy.

To take a working model: suppose the Germans landed in Essex and succeeded in annexing that county. The justification of the act, by the recognised German philosophy of history, would, of course, be the easiest part of the matter; there could be no reasonable doubt that the county in question is "old German land." It is self-evident that Essex is only a degenerate version of East Saxony. It is merely the more eastern portion of the King of Saxony's dominions which, in some convulsion of the Dark Ages, has been so dislocated as to turn up at a considerable distance to the west. It is unfortunate that the military acquisition of the territory would certainly present difficulties which are absent from this logical establishment of a claim to it; and even if it were successful, a problem of the population would remain. The Essex country folk are proverbially slow and conservative; and few of the rustics have any close acquaintance with anthropological and ethnological hypotheses. It is probable that an almost ineradicable prejudice, to the effect that they are an English and not a German population, will lead nearly all of them to assert the English character of Essex, and even lead many of them to migrate into Middlesex. A despotic German officialism has then only to send a crowd of official colonists in the track of her official armies; and Essex is secured for ever by what is solemnly described as a popular vote. The invader then proceeds to fix the same imperial eye upon Middlesex; and the game is continued at the option of the player.

Clearly then the upholders of "no annexation" have here

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invented an ingenious trick, first for making annexation incessant, and second for making it safe. And the annexation, it is equally clear, will be most incessant and most safe, when it is done by rulers who are imperial princes and not popular magistrates. Considered as a principle applicable over long and varying epochs of the past (as it would certainly, if accepted, be applied over long and very varying epochs of the future) it would have meant that in every case a wave of slavery and savagery could wash out all that had preceded it. It would, for instance, have encouraged and completed the work of every one of those Asiatic inundations from which our culture barely escaped. It would have helped the Persians to dispossess the Greeks; for the Persians admittedly enormously outnumbered the Greeks; and all the Persians would have obeyed the Great King, while the Athenians were generally rather too republican to obey the great republic. The German Emperor told his soldiers to behave like Huns; and we have in this another incidental instance of the beauty of a smooth and symmetrical obedience. But the principle upon which the German Emperor's favorite Socialists are claiming Alsace is a principle which would have favored the ancient Huns as much as it favors the modern ones. And it would give a final victory, over all Europeans, to any such invasion as the Emperor himself used to prophesy as the Yellow Peril.

But if the proof from the prime calamities of Europe be vaguely regarded as too much a thing of the past, it is easy to show that it has every sign of being also a thing of the future. I can even give an example which, coming from an Englishman concerned to prove the Prussian pre-eminence in evil, will at least be disinterested and detached. One of the most recent adventures of that Imperialism, which I regret in all countries, occurred in the policy of my own country; and I was myself bound in consistency to regret it. The South African War, by which the two Boer Republics were annexed, was generally regarded in Europe as a wrong. But it was in no sense whatever wrong, if the theory of an Alsatian plebiscite is right. Lord Milner and Cecil Rhodes actually conquered the Boer country upon the same identical principle which our Pacifists propose as a fair settlement of the Alsatian country. Indeed their case for annexation (with which I wholly disagree) was nevertheless a far fairer and clearer one; for there was already a majority of Out-

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landers or aliens to outvote the Boers, before their presence was made a pretext for war. British Imperialism at least first flooded the territories with citizens, before it flooded them with soldiers. It did not base its argument on what might happen forty years afterwards; or announce itself unanimously elected by the votes of a multitude of babes unborn. But though the principle of the imperialist settlement in Africa was more democratic than that of the internationalist settlement of Alsace, it contained this same unique falsity, which must necessarily be the fountain of any number of such annexations. It used the fact of unfairly colonizing a country as a reason for unjustly conquering it. Once admit that principle, and there need be no end to such colonizations and conquests, so long as they are conducted by powers with rich resources, with large populations and especially (if they are to be specially lucky in such work) with reactionary constitutions. Now anybody who will look at the modern world with his eyes wide open will know perfectly well that this sort of expansion and progress is one to which the modern world is especially prone. In every quarter of the globe, especially in South America and Africa, there is a perpetual pressure of colonial ambition which would at any moment take advantage of this principle. Germany especially is known to keep herds of tame exiles browsing on foreign pastures; and the mere counting of so much head of such cattle could always create this sort of international quarrel. The worst version of the South African War will only make it a mere sample of the sort of claim which the more plutocratic Powers will always be ready to push, where there is any sort of cosmopolitan confusion. What the principle would have meant touching Asiatic immigrations into Europe in the past, that alone it will mean touching European immigrations into America in the future. It will mean simply the final superiority of the master of many slaves.

There is only one way to arrest annexation; only one way in which such a stampede of sophistry and spoliation can be stopped. The opportunity for it is now, and will never return; the test case is lit with a limelight of concentrated publicity that will never hold the attention to such a test case hereafter. Rightly or wrongly Alsace-Lorraine has become this test case, which the whole world is watching. Let it revert to France and the whole world will know that the rush

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of annexations has been reversed; that civilization has determined to return to its boundaries. Let it remain to Germany or under the shadow of Germany, in whatever form, upon whatever pretext; and the whole world will know that such annexations are always ultimately justified and can be safely imitated. It is simply obvious that the refusal to return the provinces to France will mean the complete victory of Germany; but it will mean much more than that. It will mean the victory of an annexationist policy as such. It will mean that the trend towards Imperialism in all the nations will not be curbed, far less cured, but will be directly encouraged. The only way to cure such grab and go-as-you-please is to make a public exhibition of the restoring of stolen goods. If that is done, everyone will know that the epoch of annexation is over. Everyone will know that henceforward even successful land-grabbing will not ultimately succeed. No one will steal what he will know that he cannot keep; no one will again commit the crime first and make up the excuses afterwards, if he knows that those excuses will not be heard.

But there is a final and farcical fact which crowns the argument. It is equally obvious that this Pacifist compromise about Alsace not only gives a special advantage to external aggression, but also gives a special advantage to internal misgovernment. It will not only be the interest of a prince to seize a province by war, but it will also be to his interest to oppress it when he has got it. For, supposing for the sake of argument that there is now a German majority in Alsace, how was that majority attained? Even German citizens are not sufficiently tame to troop into a strange country in sufficient numbers for that. Even German officials are not sufficiently numerous to overbalance a population without assistance. The process was admittedly accelerated and completed by the continuous exodus of the original French inhabitants. That exodus in its turn was accelerated and completed by German tyranny, or what they regarded as German tyranny. So that even if we were in any doubt about whether the Germans ruled badly, we could not (in common reason) have any doubt that it was to their interest to rule badly. If they did not, we can only suppose that they refrained from pursuing their most obvious advantage, through some over-sensitive modesty in the German character or some suicidal unselfishness in the Prussian policy. But even then we should have no guarantee that the next aggressor, having

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modelled himself upon Moltke and the successful Alsatian annexation, would necessarily share the characteristic Teutonic bashfulness or the typical Teutonic self-effacement. The common-sense of the crux would remain what it is; and it is that, in this particular position, it is obviously better policy to set up a bad government than a good one. Make the lives of the old inhabitants intolerable and they will not remain to resist the new inhabitants; anybody can see that, and (by all accounts) the German rulers have seen it very clearly. To sum up, therefore, these are the three consequences of testing the claims to Alsace by an official counting of heads at the moment. First, it will quite obviously set up a principle which is a permanent provocation to war. Second, it will provoke quarrels in which a rigid despotism will always have a better chance than a free country. Third, it will actually make a malevolent despotism more probable and practical than a benevolent despotism. The best man will always be the aggressor; the best aggressor will be the autocrat; the best autocrat will be the tyrant. Such is the goal, or golden age of republican idealism, towards which we apparently travel.

All this is the plainest rationality and policy, and applies to all the politics of all the peoples; in that sense it does not matter to what particular nation this disastrous policy is applied. But what, when all is said, is the nation to which we are applying it? Against what community are we specially asked to deal this stroke of folly and bad faith? We are asked to commit this treason especially at the expense of France; of the one nation with whom all European and American democracy has always sympathized in her self-defence, and whom even Prussian despotism has hardly dared to accuse of mere aggression. We are to do this wrong to the one people whom almost everybody admits to have been in the right. Nay, we are not only to disregard a justice which even the Germans can hardly deny, but a gratitude which we ourselves have incessantly asservated. Everyone knows that France could have had Alsace-Lorraine ten times over, if she had listened to the tenfold flatteries of Germany during the present war, offering her every kind of concession to betray her Allies. Ever since she took the first rush and won the whole war for us in the passages of the Marne, the Germans have been bribing her with both hands. If she had not so stood, England would never have had time to create

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an army, and most certainly Russia would never have had time to create a revolution. Now that England is at leisure to elaborate discipline, and Russia at leisure to enjoy liberty, it is pleasantly proposed that they should desert their first line of defence; that they should throw away the broken shield behind which they have done all things. It is an agreeable proposal that England having thus been able to increase her own armies, should throw over that historic army of which she at first formed a small part. But indeed it is not more quaint than the larger conception, that the ultimate work of the Russian Revolution should be the undoing of all the work of the French Revolution. France had stood upon the Meuse in the eighteenth century exactly as she stood upon the Marne in the twentieth; but she was even more solitary, and of the peoples there was none to help her. From that stand, and from that alone, came all that we call democracy to-day. What shall an instructed disciple of democracy say to the democrats who wish to complete an experiment in Petrograd or an inquiry at Stockholm by extinguishing in darkness and disappointment the lights of Paris? Where were they when the foundations of the Republic were laid, or when was fixed the corner-stone thereof, when the men about to die sang together, and the boys who fell in thousands shouted for joy? We know where were the Russians, where were the Swedes, where were the English, in that first and fearful crisis when none knew whether liberty should live. Now we have learned better; and can make an end of our teacher. Let us wear the red cap and never reveal from whose head we have plucked it; let us shout "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," so long as we translate them out of the language in which we learnt the words. The very name of France shall be a guilty secret for us. The very emblem of France shall insult us like a caricature. We shall go forth gravely into the streets as the disciples of democracy; and we shall be ashamed to hear a cock crow, because we have denied our master.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

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WAR AND HUMAN EVOLUTION: GERMANIZED

BY VERNON KELLOGG

THE causes and alleged justifications of wars have been nearly as various as the wars have been numerous. The habit of the flag in following commerce and missionaries and tourists has been a great, and, from the point of view of some ambitious diplomats and rulers, very useful cause of war. Fishermen and the fish in the sea have been causes; exploration has been helpful. Taxes and tea and fair representation; language and race and the growth of colonies have been causes less trivial.

But I have learned since this war began that all these causes and justifications alike are trivial in the face of *the* great cause, the fundamental cause and the full justification of all war. I have learned all this from a fount of wisdom than which, in the opinion of the fount, there is no more copious nor blessed nor disinterested flow of knowledge and wisdom from human sources. I have learned it from the Germans.

Also I have learned the full answer to a little problem that has troubled evolutionists for some time; the problem of the chief cause and directive control of human evolution. This knowledge also has been given me by the Germans.

In books about war and its relation to the evolution of man, especially in books written by Germans, I had often read the somber declarations that war takes the place in human life that the rigid and ruthless Darwinian struggle for existence holds among the lower animals, and that the Spencerian survival of the fittest, as applied to human groups, was to be determined chiefly, if not solely, by the outcome of wars to extinction. Also that this struggle and sur-

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vival are the chief factors in all evolution, including the evolution of man.

Hence war is natural, it is inevitable, and is, indeed, to be welcomed as the necessary final test of the value of the different lines of development and organization of human life and society represented by various existing human groups.

I had read this, I say, in German books and heard it in lectures in German universities by benevolent-looking elderly professors devoted, in practice, to most peaceful occupations in households, classrooms and beer restaurants. But it was not until I had lived in and traveled about all over German-occupied Belgium and France, seeing and hearing many incredible things, and had spent days and nights and weeks and months of much talk and enlightenment at German Great Headquarters in a French village on the banks of the Meuse—that beautiful stream that flows by such towns of experience and knowledge as Dinant, Namur and Liége—that I truly realized that what I had read in German books about war, and heard in German classrooms, was not just words and play at logic, but the expression of a conviction of belief, the reasoned acceptance of a terrible and fatal philosophy, so widely and thoroughly spread among a whole people as to give this people bodily into the hands of a few leaders who represented the technical knowledge necessary to success in this great all-deciding human struggle for existence. It is a philosophy that makes war and slaughter and rapine desirable, and justifies in the conduct of war every form of cruelty and deceit, and all surrender of personal humane and moral standards; a philosophy that puts man's position and behavior and his evolutionary struggle back, not into medieval times, as has been sometimes said, but into prehistoric, Glacial time, when a half-beast, half-man type was all of man that the earth knew. In that time, undoubtedly, man, naked, hairy, stooping, was only an animal among animals, and at the mercy, for his persistence, of the outcome of sickening struggles of brute strength and brute cunning against other brute strength and cunning.

But, as has been well said by Liberty Hyde Bailey, what we have done in times past shows the way by which we have come; it does not provide a programme of procedure for days that are coming, or, if it does, then we deny the effective evolution of the race. Yet that this Glacial Time condition of human evolution still holds today in all its crass tigerishness,

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is the present German attitude. The German people have been brought to this attitude, and held in it, by virtue, or, rather, vice, of the combination of a philosophic acceptance of the mutual fight principle as opposed to the mutual aid principle, and of a deliberate, selfish cultivation by the rulers and leaders of the nation, for the sake of their own persistence in despotic power and the persistence of hereditary autocratic government, of the conditions of military control and military exaltation which enable these leaders easily to dictate the actual thinking and expression and behavior of the whole people.

It is a vivid illustration of the danger of a combination of a little knowledge, but not enough, and of a deliberate exercise of the "will to believe" despite sufficient knowledge to warrant non-belief. The great mass of the people of Germany illustrate the first element of the combination; the intelligent and really educated classes, the "intellectuals," the other.

A favorite argument of these intellectuals in justification of war and the German method of carrying on war is the argument drawn from biology and evolution. But this argument is always based on certain assumed premises. Most important of them is the complete acceptance of the idea that evolution is solely determined by a rigorous and ruthless struggle for existence of the most combative type.

Now, let us remember, even before we criticize the validity of this utterly brutal evolution conception, especially in its relation to human evolution, that this modern German visualization of it is not even the idea of the great founder of it. For of the struggle for existence Darwin says: "I use this term in a large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny." This is, indeed, far from the present-day scientific philosophy so passionately invoked by the German natural philosophers as the biologic basis of advantage—phrased in German war parlance as "military necessity." Any softness in such a struggle is a surrender of natural advantage and denotes a weakness on the part of the soft-hearted contender. As the struggle is between groups, the fate of individuals does not count. As it is a struggle of Darwinian type in its Germanized form it is a struggle to the death.

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Are Belgians in the way? Brush them aside. Is there an apparent opportunity to use them in the struggle? Make slaves of them. Is it easier to profit by these slaves by removing them by force from their homes into the factories in Germany? Do it, even though women weep and children shriek. Do these slaves, for some absurd reason of personal honor, of loyalty to principle and to country, refuse to work in these factories devoted to making the things which are to help sow death among their brothers and fathers and friends and their Allies on a battle front? Then punish them by exposure in concentration camps, and by beating and starvation—especially starvation, for that saves food. And if, as a result of the obstinacy of the slaves, and hence the necessary continuance of the beating and starvation until the victims are in a physical condition when work is an impossibility, even if their spirits were sufficiently broken, then send them back as physical wrecks or corpses to their distracted families, to be cared for. A single cattle train brought two hundred and fifty-five of these slave wrecks from Aachen to Antwerp in March of this year. It took forty-eight hours to make the few miles—German transportation is not what it was—and there was no food for the men during this time. The American Relief representatives met them with bread at Antwerp. But it was a little late. Every one of these men was removed from the train on a stretcher. On fifty of these stretchers the men were dead. They did not die simply from forty-eight hours' lack of food. They died from a three months' experience of the practical application of Germany's philosophy of war and of human evolution on the basis of the struggle and survival factors.

In October (1917), six hundred and eighty Belgian children arrived in Evian-les-Bains on a single train; they were all between the ages of four and twelve; they were emaciated and sickly, and they were alone—no mothers, no big sisters, no fathers. They were sent out of Belgium by the Germans to Switzerland and thence to France to be cared for. Two-thirds of them had been taken from their parents because their fathers would not work for the German army and were being starved into submission, and the mothers were willing to let their children go rather than see them starve, too. Think of that line of weak little motherless things, climbing down from the train and marching along the platform as bravely as they could, into the hands of kindly, but unknown, foster-

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mothers and big sisters. Can you picture any more incredible and poignant sight in all the war? Well, that sight was just another incident in the practical working out of Germany's war philosophy.

This is no live-and-let-live philosophy, you see. In fact, it is not a kind by the side of which live-and-let-live philosophies can even exist; their holders would fall easy prey to the tiger philosophers.

Finally, it is not a philosophy which recognizes anything in man and in human evolution sufficiently different from what is in the lower animals and their evolution to make it necessary to revise in any way the conception of evolutionary control as worked out in the study of lower creation in order to apply it directly and rigorously to human life. This philosophy does not recognize the distinction we make when we say, "Man has responsibilities quite apart from the conditions that obtain in the lower creation. Man is a moral agent; animals and plants are not."

This philosophy seems to take no account of the extent and importance in human life of what may be called man's social evolution as contrasted and often in conflict with his natural evolution. We live in a state of social advancement and moral refinements far beyond those dictated by our stage of natural evolution. We do this on a basis of an elaborately constructed social and moral fabric into which each individual is fitted after birth by association and education, by precept and corrected practice. Is all this laboriously acquired advance of man over the lower animals, built up on moral self-consciousness, and ever, in turn, resulting in more of it, to be taken into no account? Is all this to be thrown aside for the sake of a sophisticated, over-driven, biological, dehumanized, mechanistic philosophy of tiger evolution that would put us back five hundred thousand years into the Glacial Time conditions of our half-beast, half-man ancestor? Yet that is exactly what the German natural philosophers and the German war philosophy maintain.

As zoölogist I knew something about the importance of the mutual aid principle as a factor in biologic success and evolutionary advance, even among the lower animals. As student of human evolution and man of a little scientific education, even though some of it was got in Germany, I know enough about the biology of the human species to be confident that I have evidence and reason on my side when I say

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that you cannot settle all, nor even many, of the problems of human biology by a swift reference of them to the categories of half-solved problems of tiger biology.

We must not be carried off our feet by the fascination of the solution by origins. We may have originated from tiger ancestors, and we may, from a rigorously evolutionary point of view, differ from them now only quantitatively. But this quantitative difference is already so enormous, so extreme, that for all practical purposes it may be treated as qualitative. Speech, writing, tradition, education and mental and moral self-consciousness have made us and our evolutionary trend very different from tigers and tigerish evolution. If the Germans wish to cling to Glacial Time conditions and behavior, let them, but strictly within the confines of their own land. Let them not insist on carrying this prehistoric *Kultur* by force of tooth and claw into other lands.

We should like to be beyond war. But we cannot be so long as Germany is not and looks on our aspiration as a weakness to be taken advantage of. Unfortunately there can be but one answer to a people that insists on success in war as the criterion of racial advancement, and as the most important factor in human evolution. We have to accept, for the moment, the challenge to bloody debate. But when we have debated the matter in this horrible way, and have won, let us see to it that the winning is the last one of its kind necessary.

VERNON KELLOGG.

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JAPAN AND SHIPS

BY M. TOGO

THE attitude of Japan in the Great War has not been hid under a bushel. From the very first our people have not only talked about doing their duty, but they have done it to the best of their ability. Perhaps no stronger declaration of this purpose and resolution has been made than that contained in the contribution made by Viscount Ishii to the book issued on behalf of all the Allies. In this carefully prepared utterance he said:

> As we see our duty, and the duty of the world, only one thing is left to do. It is to fight out this war which neither we nor any other people or nation, other than the aggressors, have sought. It must be fought to the end without wavering, without thought of national or individual advantage. The victors are to be victors for civilization and the world; not for themselves. The contest upon which we are unitedly engaged will not only end this war, upon its result will depend the extinction of all wars of aggression. No opportunity must ever come again for any nation or people, or any combination of nations or peoples, however strong or numerous, to seek that universal domination shown by experience to be impossible, which, if it were possible, would mean the destruction of human progress.
>
> We are proud to be associated with America as Allies in so great a cause. Our duty thus keeps pace with our obligation and both are guided by our highest desires. We, like you, have enlisted until the war is settled and settled right; you, like ourselves, have no favors to ask, and neither seeks conquests or indemnities; both merely ask that they may live their own lives, settle their own problems, smooth out their common differences or difficulties, and do their best, along with all other peoples, to make the world a better, not a worse, place to live in.

In our relations with the United States we have tried to do our duty, not only in the war, but in everything else that shows our friendship. We have just completed with that country a satisfactory agreement assuring the territorial integrity of China. We have kept faith in the so-called gentleman's agreement entered into years ago in respect to

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the immigration of Japanese labor. It has been our practice, and it is our purpose, to respond quickly and generously to all fair business proposals, and we insist that we ought not to be asked to consider any others.

It is for these and many other reasons we feel that the urgent need of the United States to increase her tonnage should lead her to utilize the shipyards of Japan for the benefit, not only of the two countries directly involved, but for that of all the Allies as well. These shipyards are ready for work. The labor is there, well trained, well paid. With a supply of materials it can build each year a million tons of new ships. Nobody, at the present time, can predict when this war will end, or what the economic conditions will be when it is over. There is nothing so clear as the fact that if the ships are built now they will help win the war, and the universal opinion is that in no other way can it be won.

During the two years previous to the entry of the United States into the war, the great shipbuilding companies of Japan made contracts with American manufacturers for the steel plates and shapes necessary for constructing a large tonnage of ships for the use of the Allied nations and their citizens. These contracts were taken at prices fair to builders and buyers and remunerative and satisfactory to both American capital and labor. The material involved amounted to from 250,000 to 400,000 tons of plates, shapes and angles, and provided for continuous delivery during the years 1917 and 1918. Under them, a number of ships varying from 5,000 to 10,000 tons each have been built by Japan and delivered to English and French buyers, while like commitments have been made with the same class of purchasers for further ships. They are not reserved for Japanese or any other specific buyers; they are built under contract, or, when ready, are sold to the first comers among the representatives of the Entente Allies.

This absolute free trade in ships, if the United States had fulfilled her contracts made before her entry into the war, would have thrown the new vessels thus built into the balance against German submarine frightfulness, and that, too, with a promptness that could not have been commanded elsewhere. The Japanese yards did not have to be put in order for work; they were already thoroughly equipped with up-to-date facilities, with highly trained labor, with ample capital, all ready to act without delay. The Shipping Board has

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done magnificent work in repairing damaged ships and diverting others into the most useful channels, but its weakness has been in the production of new tonnage. If the United States had carried out her contracts with Japan all the resources of these great Japanese shipbuilding establishments would have been utilized to build new tonnage and strengthen the Allies on their weakest side: ships.

But about six months ago, intimidated by the prospective needs of the gigantic American shipbuilding programme, Congress authorized, and the President proclaimed an embargo on the export to Japan of steel plates and shapes for shipbuilding purposes. This action closed the opportunity to supplement promptly, through the Japanese shipbuilding resources, the production of ships for the use and directly under the control of the Allied Governments. Although it has become apparent that the United States produces far more steel than can be utilized in her own programme, and could let Japan have the steel contracted for, and much more besides, without jeopardizing American interests in any way, the embargo has been in force ever since.

Japan had anticipated her own needs and those of her Allies by making contracts in the United States for the steel necessary to complete vessels aggregating more than a million tons. At the present time, six months after the embargo was laid, Japanese shipbuilders are closing their yards and sitting idly by, with partly finished and therefore useless ships on their ways, and new construction made impossible while the whole world is clamoring for tonnage.

Economic pressure, according not only to the Japanese but to prominent steel men in the United States, will shift every ship built by any of the Allies into those waters where it is most needed to carry out their purposes and resolves. It will do it with that celerity which characterizes these high-pressure war times and the necessities of a world situation. The United States is engaged in the war as an ally of Japan, as a matter of fact, if not by formal agreement, and the two countries are working together for a common end, the quick, assured and effective defeat of the Germans and their Allies. The embargo was laid to protect the United States from neutrals and enemies. All additions to ship tonnage by any of her Allies are direct benefits to her, and to all, and will help her to win the war.

But Japan has not waited for economic pressure to shift

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any ships to where they will do the most good. The tonnage of Japanese ships which traverses the submarine zone and reaches European Allied ports regularly is well over 200,000, and, in addition, 100,000 tons are chartered to Great Britain and France and are carrying coal and supplies between these two countries. More than 25,000 tons of shipping sailing under Japanese registry have already been lost by bombs, torpedoes or mines, and Japan is continuing to pay a steady toll for risking her ships in the Allied cause. In addition to policing the Indian and Pacific Oceans, Japan is at present effectively helping to patrol the Mediterranean, and is caring for the Allies' interests at Vladivostok.

There are 113 shipways for ships of over 1,000 tons standing idle, or about to become so, in Japan, and at last reports twenty-eight new big ways were in course of construction and scheduled to be finished by January of this year. In 1914, when the war broke out in Europe, Japan could build, at most, 200,000 tons of ships a year. Her annual capacity at present, if steel is available, is more than 1,000,000 tons a year! Since the outbreak of the war the tonnage of Japanese shipping actually put into the water up to September, 1917, when the American embargo seriously curtailed the output, has been nearly 600,000 tons. In 1914 the tonnage launched was 65,140; in 1915 it was 98,212; in 1916 it was 251,484, and up to September, in 1917, it was 158,860 tons, with many uncompleted ships standing on the ways, unable to be launched for the lack of a few plates.

The total investment in shipbuilding yards in Japan is 64,215,500 yen, or about $32,107,500. The total capital invested in Japanese steamship companies is 269,734,000 yen, or, approximately, $134,867,000. There are twenty-nine steamship companies in Japan, five of which are subsidized.

The total merchant marine of Japan numbers 2,133 ships of all descriptions, with a total tonnage of 1,577,025. The chartered bottoms, however, bring the total tonnage up to about 2,000,000. In addition, Japan is trying to complete her elaborate shipbuilding programme. Her yards received orders last year for 370 new ships, of an aggregate tonnage of 1,330,000. They accepted these orders depending upon the United States for their supply of raw material. Ships aggregating 500,000 tons are now on the ways. After all available resources are exhausted, 60,000 tons of steel plates and shapes will be lacking to complete these ships. The

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burning question in Japan to-day is how to secure this balance of 60,000 tons needed to complete ships now on the ways and to clear these ways for the balance of 830,000 tons which Japan is prepared to add this year to the world's available tonnage if she can secure the raw materials.

If the United States could not produce more than enough steel for her own use, she could not supply any to Japan. But actual production does not mean total capacity, and into this question enters the fact that the United States Government is doing things in a gigantic way, and its negotiations are almost exclusively with the largest producers of steel. There is an immense capacity in the smaller steel mills which has not been even touched. In fact, the embargo and the price agreements of the Government with the larger producers have combined to make profitable foreign trade impossible for them. Moreover, the large steel mill owners of the United States have assured the War Industries Board of a sufficient supply of steel for all Government needs.

Getting down to actual figures, the annual production of steel of the kind which can be used for shipbuilding purposes in the United States is 3,500,000 tons. Deducting 700,000 tons, or 20 per cent, for a margin of safety, this leaves even then 2,800,000 tons. The United States Government's requirements to carry out the programme of building in eighteen months 6,000,000 tons of ships, or 4,000,000 tons in a year, not all of which will be of steel, will be approximately one-third of the steel ship tonnage, or about 1,864,000 tons a year.

Why, then, when there is crying need of an ever-increasing procession of ships to Europe from the United States for the movement of American armies, of munitions for their use, and of supplies for their maintenance, has not the United States licensed the export of steel to Japan in sufficient quantities at least to enable the Island Empire to complete the ships now standing on her ways? The answer is that the United States has been bargaining for a greater proportion of the existing Japanese tonnage than Japan can afford to give, and this at a critical period when time is the very essence of the contract. By prolonging the negotiations at Washington in order to secure a little additional tonnage now, the Shipping Board is preventing Japan from building an immense tonnage, so that she could supply in six months or a year a much greater tonnage than that demanded now. And

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six months have already been consumed by the negotiations.

"That after months of negotiations," said the New York *Tribune*, of January 6th, "nothing has come of the Japanese effort to raise the embargo on American iron and steel contracted for by Japan is really a disaster for both nations, as well as for the Allied cause. It means that the United States will have some hundreds of thousands less new tonnage in 1918, and it means the paralyzing of the shipbuilding industry in Japan."

Japan is willing to put every ton she can spare where it will do the most good in the war against Germany. The Japanese shipyards do not have to be put in order to work; they are already equipped. Where the United States may face a shortage of labor trained for this kind of work, Japan has highly skilled labor ready to work if it can be held together. This will prove a difficult, if not impossible task, however, if the Japanese shipyards must remain shut down. In the meanwhile, the various States are just beginning to report their enrollments in the volunteer army of 250,000 shipbuilders which the United States is raising, Iowa being the first to report.

Part of the Japanese shipping programme is the maintenance of her Pacific trade necessary to her national existence, since she, like England, must import vast quantities of food and other commodities. Part of it is the transportation of grain for foodstuffs from Australia and South America to Europe, thus relieving the pressure on American markets for food supplies to the Allies. Some part must be devoted to the exchange of products with the United States which amounted in the year ending June 30 last to $333,599,667—$130,472,189 exports from the United States and $203,127,478 imports from Japan. Finally, Japan had to replace in the same way the large tonnage from other countries which formerly carried goods to and from Japan, but is now diverted to the transport of troops and munitions for the war.

Four proposals have so far been exchanged between the United States and Japan. The first Japanese suggestion was that the United States raise the embargo to the extent of letting Japan have 600,000 tons of steel on the condition that the major part of the 1,200,000 tons of ships that Japan then proposed to build should be placed at the disposal of the Allies. This programme, however, contemplated too long

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a time, so all programmes were postponed, causing delay.

Japan then proposed that if the United States would give her 450,000 tons of steel—150,000 in 1917 and 300,000 this year—she would in return supply the United States with 150,000 tons of ships in 1917, and a tonnage of 750,000 between January, 1918, and September, 1919. During that period Japan expected to build with American material not less than 1,350,000 tons, retaining 600,000 tons for her own purposes and for the other Allies. The United States again refused, and made a counter-proposal.

The counter-proposal was that beginning with last November, Japan should deliver to the United States 1,000,000 tons of ships at the rate of 100,000 tons a month for ten months, the Shipping Board to pay for them at the rate of $170 a ton and Japan to be allowed to receive the 450,000 tons of steel she had contracted for. This meant that most of the million tons to be sold to the United States would have to come out of shipping already afloat, as by September, 1918, the Japanese could not build more than 300,000 or 400,000 tons out of the American material. Moreover, $170 a ton from the United States for ships for which British shipping men were willing to pay as much as $400 a ton did not look very attractive.

Japan's latest proposal was that she would turn over 150,000 tons of existing ships to the United States, and between that time and next August 200,000 tons more, built from American material, if America would supply her with only 175,000 tons of steel, from which a total of 525,000 tons of ships could be built. This proposal was accepted by the United States, subject to the conditions that none of the existing ships should be less than seven years old, and that the price should be $170 a ton for existing ships and $200 a ton for new ships.

This would have made the average price received by Japan for these 350,000 tons of ships $187, against the British offer of $400 a ton, and would have thus entailed a sacrifice of $213 a ton, or a total of $74,550,000. The 175,000 tons of steel which the United States agreed to supply under these onerous conditions would suffice to build 525,000 tons of ships, but as Japan had to part with 350,000 tons of ships to secure the steel, the net addition to Japanese bottoms would have been only 175,000 tons. At this time when few foreign ships are visiting Japanese shores, Japan is sadly in

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need of bottoms, and she rejected the proposal on the score of both expediency and the financial sacrifice she would be forced to make. There the negotiations have rested for the present, while Japan is making desperate efforts to develop her own steel industry and the mines of China, and to contract for such raw materials as are available from South American countries.

Japan needs ships. The world needs ships. Japan has the facilities to build a million tons of ships a year. She has the trained labor. She lacks the raw material—the steel plates and shapes. Until the entry of the United States into the war American steel was relied upon to enable Japan to build her ships. Japan does not manufacture the same articles as the United States. She has not the same raw materials to export. In view of America's gigantic shipbuilding programme she will not for decades, if ever, have or need as large a merchant marine as the United States.

At the present juncture, Japan could charter her whole merchant marine to her Allies, if this were possible, without starving her people and ruining her trade. But because she cannot give her Allies a greater proportion of her ships now they are in effect refusing to allow her to build more ships, which she could put into their service. The Japanese do not understand why, if ships are invaluable, the United States is wasting time making them propositions which no nation could or would accept, thus paralyzing their shipbuilding industry. They do not understand why, if there is co-ordination of effort among the Allies, England is bidding more than twice as much as the United States for Japanese ships. It is true that Japan cannot build ships rapidly without American steel, but she has offered to sacrifice 50 per cent. and more of the market price of the ships to get the steel, and has been unable to get even the steel contracted for before the United States entered the war, although this Government has admitted that it has this much surplus steel and it should be delivered to Japan as a matter of equity and moral right.

Neither the authorities nor the people of Japan can understand why in this crisis of the world's fate, when, as universally admitted, everything depends upon ships, there should be any resort to bargaining or dickering, or, indeed, to any policy except that which under the operation of the greatest speed and efficiency, produces the necessary ships.

M. Togo.

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RUSSIA AND THE WAR AFTER THE WAR

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE situation in Russia grows steadily clearer, and at the same time more menacing. The events of the last month at Petrograd have made it, I think, abundantly evident that there is not an atom of difference in principle between the various groups of Socialists who are "playing politics" in the former Russian capital; there is simply a ferocious rivalry between the "ins" and the "outs." Lenin and Trotsky have been able to seize and hold autocratic power simply because they are more audacious, because they are wholly devoid of scruples or hesitations, and are, like the German forces on the Belgian frontier at the beginning of August, 1914, determined to hack their way through to victory. But we shall be wise to realize that the Socialist programme is identical, not only among all the Russian Socialist groups, but in all Socialist organizations whatsoever, throughout the world. They all desire to do exactly what Lenin and Trotsky are doing; and they will do it the instant they get the opportunity. We are face to face, not with a Russian peril, but with a worldwide peril; and the struggle with these destructive forces will constitute, I believe, "the war after the war" far more than any economic struggle against Germany.

We shall be wise, therefore, to take advantage of the present situation, clearly to see and clearly to formulate the purposes and principles of the Russian Bolshevist forces, not merely because this is essential to a right understanding of the situation in Russia, but far more because Petrograd happens to be the point at which the purposes and principles of world Socialism, through the removal of outside pressure, have reached the boiling-point, revealing themselves in their stark destructiveness.

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We have been told that Lenin and Trotsky have been making a gallant and heroic fight against imperialist Germany on behalf of the rights of those parts of the former Russian Empire occupied by German and Austrian troops: on behalf of Poland, Courland and Lithuania. And this fight, which we are asked to welcome and applaud, is being made in the name of the " principle of the self-determination of peoples," which is, by the way, a phrase translated from German. But before we approve and applaud we shall do well to ask ourselves what the real purpose of the Russian peace negotiators is; what they really have in view for these occupied regions, should some miracle bring about the removal of the German and Austrian armies. How will " self-determination " actually work out?

We shall find the real answer at Petrograd, in Finland, in southern Russia, in Roumania.

How has " self-determination " actually worked out at Petrograd? The fate of the recent Constituent Assembly, which has now followed the hapless Duma into the void, is the answer to that. The Duma was in a sense representative of all classes of Russians: the nobility, the Church, the merchants, the manufacturers, the workmen, the peasants. Members of all these classes actually sat in it, spoke and voted. From the point of view of the Socialists, that was enough to damn it. They absolutely scout the idea of the equal rights of all classes. In their view, no class has any rights at all, except the Socialists themselves, and the class which they claim to represent, " the poorest class," according to the wording of Lenin's recent manifesto. All elements above " the poorest class " are frankly doomed to destruction. It is, of course, notorious that the Socialist leaders themselves practically never belong to the class they claim to represent. They are, for the most part, ambitious lawyers or writers, " white-handed," as the Russia phrase is, who see the possibility of gaining autocratic power for themselves by inflaming, in " the poorest class," the passions of envy and cupidity. It is futile to claim for them humane and exalted ideals and motives; the time-tried rule must apply to them: " the tree is known by its fruits."

And because their real motive is autocratic power, to be grasped by inflaming the cupidity of " the poorest class," however much they may try to veil their purpose by fine phrases, they fight furiously and unscrupulously for power

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among themselves, quite regardless of their common verbal adherence to humanitarian principles. This was quite clearly shown by the fate of the so-called Constituent Assembly, which was, of course, not representative of all Russia in any true sense, but was practically a gathering of Socialists only. It was, to leave out elements which had no practical meaning, divided into two groups of Socialists, with identical programmes: a minority of Bolshevik Socialists and a majority of Revolutionary Socialists. And, simply because the Bolshevik Socialists had command of the Red Guard, a band of desperadoes originally armed by Alexander Kerensky in his uncandid struggle against General Korniloff, the Lenin-Trotsky party drove out the majority of the Constituent Assembly at the point of the bayonet, a number of them being murdered. Before we grieve over these murders we should remind ourselves that, had the Revolutionary Socialists been in a minority, but in possession of predominant armed force, they would have used exactly the same violent measures to secure control for themselves.

In Petrograd, therefore, the principles and practice of the Socialists have made themselves entirely clear; they are a group of despotic leaders, not belonging to "the working class," who are grasping at autocratic power by inflaming the cupidity of the lowest class to murderous violence. I wrote the words "the working class" in quotation marks a few lines back, to bring out a fundamental principle of Socialism; they recognize as "work,"—not in their protestations but in their actions,—only palpably material work, the exercise of the muscles, not of the intellectual and spiritual powers. They tacitly declare war against these; spiritual power, of course, they openly scoff at, since they are frankly materialist; and intellectual power they will annihilate, so far as in them lies. They are already annihilating it in Russia. For we must now see clearly that the Russia which once enriched the world by its spiritual and intellectual life and accomplishment has ceased to exist. And exactly the same destruction will follow in the wake of Socialism, wherever it is triumphant. In the last analysis, this will inevitably mean an unspeakable degradation and impoverishment of all humanity, an abasement which will fall first and heaviest on the lowliest classes, the very "People" whom the Socialists assert that they worship. By destroying the spiritual and intellectual life of mankind the Socialists will plunge the world

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into a bestial degradation which we shall be wise to realize in advance. Therefore, all who have at heart the true well-being of mankind must be the uncompromising foes of Socialism, and must be diligent in stripping off the false pretences, the dishonest humanitarian protestations, which disguise the fatally dangerous reality.

So far, Petrograd and the regions immediately dominated by Petrograd. We come now to Finland. Finland is an excellent example of one of the smaller nationalities of Europe which has its own tongue, its own thought, its own constitutional life. When Finland passed, in 1809, from Swedish to Russian control this national life continued unimpaired, except for a brief, unhappy period of " Russification," the aims of which were early abandoned. And as a result of the elimination of Nicholas II as Grand Duke of Finland the practical tie between the two countries was broken a year ago. Finland desired completely independent national life, and the constitutionalist Provisional Government made some advances toward recognizing this desire, planning, perhaps, a federal union between Russia and Finland later on. But the November revolution swept the Provisional Government out of existence. The Bolshevik Socialists, who then came into power, proclaimed their acceptance of the German phrase " self-determination of nations." How did they, in fact, work it out for Finland? By sending a Red Guard army over the frontier, to force Bolshevik principles upon Finland, wholly regardless of Finland's own wishes and aspirations. As this is written, the national army of Finland is fighting valiantly against this Russian invasion, which is every whit as brutal, as unjust, as tyrannous as was the German invasion of Belgium in 1914. So much for humanitarian protestation—and for practice. And the Socialists will do exactly the same thing, making the same glib protestations, wherever and whenever they get the chance.

Their action in Southern Russia proves this to demonstration. Two regions of Southern Russia had declared their autonomy, the Ukraine and the country of the Don Cossacks. The Ukrainian movement, as we know, had been secretly fostered by Vienna for years, as a part of the subtle and far-reaching Hapsburg plan. The purpose was twofold: to weaken Russia by a separatist impulse, and to strengthen the Hapsburg control over the Southeastern Slavs, really in order to use them against the Magyars. For

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this is, I believe, the secret of the Hapsburg tenderness for the Poles; and the Hapsburgs would, I think, if the Austrian Teutons allowed them, give much larger freedom both to the Czechs and to the Jugo-Slavs, Serbian and other, from a sincere love, not of Slav nationalism, but of the Hapsburgs. And we shall be wise, in parenthesis, to cherish no delusions as to Hapsburg benignity. They are playing a difficult game, and they are playing it with subtlety and determination. But benignity is not one of its elements. For I am deeply convinced that the purposes of the Hapsburgs are just as brutally egotistic as those of the Hohenzollerns; but their methods are more subtle and polished—and, therefore, the more dangerous.

But the result of Hapsburg support in the past is that the professional Ukrainians now tend toward Austria and to a separate peace with Austria. There are other elements in the Ukraine which are more genuinely national, and which might develop a valuable nationality; for these Southern Russians have many great gifts. But have the Petrograd Socialists been willing, while professing adherence to " self-determination " of nationalities, to allow this Southern Russian nationality to develop along its own inherent lines? The despatches give the answer: Bolshevik forces have invaded the Ukraine, as they have invaded Finland, in order to thrust the principles of the Petrograd Bolsheviki down the throats of the Ukrainians. In the Ukraine, as in Finland, the Bolshevik Socialists are stirring up and waging civil war, war for the Socialist despotism, and they are recruiting the forces of the " Red Army " precisely by inflaming the envy and cupidity of their followers.

The outrages of the Bolshevik despotism, the application of their singular understanding of " self-determination," have not been limited to parts of the former Russian Empire. Nothing could be more striking, more full of revelation, than their action toward oft-betrayed Roumania. We have not yet heard the Roumanian side of the story; but, from what the Bolsheviki have themselves published, what happened would seem to be this: the Bolshevik despots of Petrograd determined to overthrow the existing government of Roumania, with which the Roumanian people and the Roumanian army appear to be entirely satisfied, but which does not comply with the standards of Socialist despotism. So they sent Bolshevik Red Guards to Roumania to force " the Social

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Revolution" upon the Roumanians. These men were arrested and disarmed by the Roumanian army, which was, and is, loyal to the cause of the Allies, in the face of overwhelming sufferings. This wholly right and lawful act of self-defence aroused the ire of the Petrograd despots, who subjected the Roumanian Minister at Petrograd to insults such as accompanied the departure of Allied Ambassadors from Berlin in August, 1914; they sent armed forces against the Roumanians, and they "confiscated" a sum stated by them to be $600,000,000 in gold, which the Roumanian Government had deposited for safe-keeping in Moscow. It would be possible to match this outrage against international morality only by similar acts of Germany.

This brings one naturally to the Petrograd Socialists' repudiation of loans to Russia, which, of course, they glibly excuse and explain; and which is, equally, of course, quite right and lawful according to the Socialist canon of honesty; no one but a Socialist has any rights which a Socialist is bound to recognize. By the way, how exactly that duplicates the German theory and practice! Knowing Socialism, therefore, we should have been entirely prepared for this repudiation, but there is a further point to be made. Exactly the same kind of reasoning was used by the Provisional Government to justify the proposed plundering of land-owners in Russia, in one of their Socialistic experiments, the purpose of which seems to have been a shameful desire to win the support of the Russian peasants by an appeal to their greed. The moral is this: if we made no protest whatever when the Socialists of the Provisional Government planned to plunder the Russian land-owners, then we have not the slightest right to protest now, when the same doctrine is applied to our loans in Russia.

So, through this series of examples, we reach a position in which we are better able to answer the question raised at the outset: What is the real purpose of the Petrograd despots in pretending to espouse, at Brest-Litovsk, the freedom, the liberty of self-determination, of Poland, Courland and Lithuania? Surely it is quite evidently this: they wish to be in a position to force these regions also to swallow the bitter fruits of the Russian Revolution; they wish to be in a position to send Red Guards over their frontiers, as they have already sent them over the frontiers of Finland, of Ukrainia, of Roumania. And, abominable as has been the tyranny of the

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German and Austrian armies of occupation in Poland, worse, if possible, than their acts in Belgium and occupied France, it is a matter of serious doubt whether Poland would not suffer even worse things, if given up to the tender mercies of the Petrograd Socialists and their Red Guard of murderous desperadoes. They would make true the words of Joel: "That which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten."

But we shall flatter ourselves if we imagine that the Socialists intend or expect to limit their blessings to Eastern Europe and, perhaps, Russian Asia. Their own professions to the contrary are entirely frank; they are calling for a Red Army of Russians to force their despotism on the whole world; and their intention to do this is what I mean by "the war after the war." And they already have their allies in the least successful elements in every country, who have persuaded themselves that their failure is due to "capitalist despotism," and who are prepared to begin the Socialist civil war the instant they see a chance of success. Precisely the same principles which we see now operative in Petrograd, with precisely the same inspiration of envy, hatred and greed, have been preached in every "platform" of the Socialist party in this country and elsewhere; and we are in a far better position today to realize what these incendiary principles mean than we were a year, or six months ago, before Russian Socialism had a chance to reveal itself. A year ago the overwhelming triumph of Socialism in Russia appeared a dream. Today it is a destructive reality. We shall do well, therefore, not to regard as a dream the possible infection of other countries.

All that I have said concerning the Russian Socialists is based, not on hostile testimony, but on what they have published about themselves or allowed to be published; much of it is drawn from their manifestos.

So the revelation of Russian Socialism is, thanks to themselves, pretty complete. I have tried to analyze it at length, in order to press a practical point: We are advised by writers who are either deceived, or wilfully deceive themselves, to come to terms with these "advocates of democracy," these "friends of humanity," to make common cause with them against German imperialism. That advice I should like to combat, not with the logic of argument, but with the logic of fact.

The Provisional Government of Russia a year ago en-

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tered into a compact with the Russian Socialists, and made common cause with them against the régime which they held to be their common enemy. I suggest that, before coming to terms with those same Russian Socialists and signing a treaty with them, we take counsel from the Provisional Government, asking them how, in their experience, their own alliance with the Russian Socialists has worked out. Or, to put the thing more directly, I am profoundly convinced that any alliance with these forces of destruction will be exactly as fatal to whoever makes it as was the ill-fated and, as I hold, deeply unprincipled alliance made with them by the Duma revolutionists. Their aims are not our aims; their principle of opposition to Germany is not our principle. They wish to overthrow German despotism, in order to substitute a despotism of their own, quite as tyrannous, quite as destructive—if not more destructive. Like Germany, they aim at world-wide domination. And their domination will mean not the destruction of nationalities only, but the destruction of everything that gives worth to human life; of everything beyond animal self-indulgence, which is, for them, the only reality.

Now that I have tried to indicate the real nature and the ugly menace of Russian Socialism, which differs not at all from Socialism the world over, I am not willing to leave the matter with what may be called a purely negative statement. Let me try to state the affirmative side: If the principles and practice of Socialism are what they are, what is the really effective way to meet them—to save the life of humanity from this menacing evil?

Fundamentally, Socialism is an appeal to egotism, to envy, hatred and greed; an appeal which, Russia's experience shows, sows and quickly reaps a crop of spoliation, outrage and murder. Let us see clearly, at the outset, that it is folly to try to oppose to this contagious and inflammatory egotism some other expression of egotism. If the principles of Socialism be, as I believe, principles of evil, they can only be conquered by the principles of good; against their greedy self-indulgence we must oppose self-sacrifice; we must defeat their spurious and murderous "brotherhood" by real brotherhood; we must overcome their false internationalism by a genuine patriotism, grounded in sacrifice.

Socialism teaches that great wealth, the conspicuous reward of successful effort, is really plunder, made possible by "the capitalistic system." But in reality the winning of

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great wealth is the fruit, not of capital, but of extraordinary gifts of insight and energy; the insight to perceive some immensely wide-spread need or requirement, and the constructive energy to supply that need. One can only make millions by supplying the needs of millions; and every exceptionally gifted man who has made millions has at the same time enriched, by supplying their needs, millions besides himself. There are seeming exceptions; but this is the general rule. Therefore, the free activity of the exceptionally gifted men enriches the whole community, the whole nation, the whole human race. The Socialists, I think, either fail to see, or are unwilling to see, this simple natural law. They see only the reward—and the sight of the reward fills them with envy and hatred.

But even the reward they do not see truly; and, indeed, I think that, in this reward of immense wealth, there is a great element of benevolent glamor—benevolent, because it leads the exceptionally gifted men to exert their great and valuable powers to the full, to the enrichment of the whole community; but also glamor, because so great a part of the reward dwells only in the imagination.

For example: even the multi-millionaire does not wear two suits of clothes at once, or eat two dinners at once, nor can he be in two rooms at once. And one room, one suit of clothes, one dinner, most of us can fairly come by. And all the rest is touched with glamor. Let us be grateful that our exceptionally gifted men are willing and eager to take their pay in fairy gold.

But the practical point is this: these gifted men, gifted with insight and energy, make their fortunes by perceiving a want and then supplying it. But just at the point of supplying the need, they may make a fair bargain or they may drive a hard bargain. A fair bargain leaves both parties well satisfied. A hard bargain leaves in the man whose need is supplied at too great cost to himself a feeling of rankling injustice—and this is the stuff that Socialism is made of. Our gifted men, I am persuaded, find their real reward in the free exercise of their great powers, in the sense of freely flowing creative energy, a faculty in essence Godlike. But they find a less authentic reward in precisely the things the Socialist sees and covets. It would seem, then, that what is needed is a clearer recognition on their part that their true motive and driving-power is already spiritual, with a consequent spirit-

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ualizing of their whole feeling about their work and its rewards. This will transmute the alloy of egotism in them, and will make them generous, so that they will make only generous bargains. And it is an open secret that it will also make them happy. But the practical point is, that this all-round generous dealing will sterilize the poison of Socialism.

This is a practical counsel. Let us put it to the test, as we have already, as a nation, put to the test another spiritual law, the supreme principle of courageous sacrifice in a holy cause. Let anyone compare the national feeling to-day with the feeling of this nation when the sinking of the *Lusitania* was accepted, and he will clearly see that our sacrifice has brought us immense national happiness. The spiritual law has already justified itself. It will do so, not less strikingly, if worked out through the whole field of national production. We shall then have true brotherhood, instead of the spurious and murderous brotherhood of Socialism.

I said, a little while back, that Socialists are either blind or blind themselves to the simple natural law that really governs the possession of wealth. Of this blindness, there is, I think, a very simple cause, which can be expressed in terms of two dates. Karl Marx, the father of the Socialism of hatred and greed, completed his theory and published his great book about 1850. But it was nearly ten years later that Darwin, in *The Origin of Species,* disclosed the principle of progressive development through the natural selection of gifted individuals. And this is the same principle which in human life, I think, ordains that all progress is made through the efforts of exceptionally gifted individuals, who, while raising themselves, raise the whole level of humanity; a law true not only in the field of production, from which I drew my illustration, but in every field of the life of mankind, and especially in intellectual, moral and spiritual life. And it is precisely against the exceptionally gifted men that the Socialists in their blind envy and greed have declared war. They are doing their best to annihilate the one effective means of human progress.

And, primarily, I am convinced, because they do not understand the simplest laws of Evolution; because their text book was written ten years before Darwin, and because its ideas and, even more, its bitter and destructive spirit, have never been changed.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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AFTER THE WAR

BY EMILE BOUTROUX

Member of the French Academy

Is the war being carried on for the sake of conquest or supremacy, of gain or revenge? No, it is a crusade in defense of the spiritual interests of mankind, for the preservation of human freedom, dignity and brotherhood.

It is of the future that our soldiers are thinking whilst undergoing such prolonged and bitter trials; they are determined to make it better than the past has been, and it is because they draw their might not from material organizations, but from the noblest feelings and the loftiest aspirations, that this might is inexhaustible. As Pascal said, matter fades away before mind. However great its power, it is finite, whereas that of mind is infinite.

How are we to reconstruct the world, everywhere threatened with ruin? Or, rather, what special qualities and virtues will men need for the worthy performance of the work to be done? Assuredly the present war has shown how powerful are material resources, but the mind of man is still dominant. But what must be his attitude toward the tasks that will have to be taken up?

He will have to become more adaptable, we shall be told. The greater the rôle of matter, the more its laws must be understood. Material progress is essentially one of those "unmoveable facts" of which Cromwell spoke, recommending us to take them as our starting point in all our calculations.

Were we satisfied with this principle of adaptation when the time came for us to think of our future? Adaptation, pure and simple, was nothing else than the seductive doctrine called pacifism. We were told: There is now being created so enormous a force that the forces of all other States combined cannot counterbalance it. Let this force become as-

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sured that it has no opposition to risk and it will of necessity be a pacifist force. Being sovereign mistress, it will attack no one.

For years before the outbreak of the war the Germans never wearied of repeating: We represent peace. Germany is the rock of peace: *der Hort des Friedens.* As a matter of fact, when war came upon us the Nobel Prize for peace was about to be awarded to Wilhelm II.

Indeed, had we passively adopted the coming world domination of Germany, had we regarded it as natural that she should impose her will upon all and become the world's policeman, pacifism would no doubt have kept its promise and we should now have had peace. We had only to recognize, as we were taught, that honor was a survival of a barbaric age, to abjure the past and peace would have been ours.

We refused. This war is the protest of a will determined to do its duty against might that offers us comfort along with servitude.

No, all facts are not Cromwell's "unmoveable facts"; human and physical facts must not be classed together. People speak glibly of sociological and historical laws as though they resembled the laws of matter. They represent only a contingent state of things, with physical phenomena, it is true, as their basis; though man, with his intellect, his feelings and activities, has contributed toward their production. Now, what man has done he can undo.

We shall have to work energetically in creating a state of things that will guarantee mankind against the repetition of a like catastrophe. We must utilize to the full the experience and the new conditions in eliminating such scourges as have threatened our very existence in France: alcoholism, depopulation, political anarchy; and in creating the most just and prosperous society possible, and, I will add, the most pacific. For, while peace is not the first of blessings—justice occupying the premier place—it is an inestimable boon when it is the logical consequence of justice and not the sole end pursued along a pathway of lies, cowardice and baseness of every kind.

And how are we to create a new world? Mankind invents by returning to a more or less forgotten past and therein finding its models. Strange to say, it is the very action which does not aim at being a creation, which tends simply to restore the beautiful and great productions of the past, that

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speedily becomes a genuine creation. Grace is given to him who innocently believes that he can do nothing of himself, and must, as Pascal said, "by humiliation lay *himself open* to inspiration."

We could not think of making a *tabula rasa* of the past and giving it no more than an historical interest. Theodore Roosevelt, a man of heart and ideals, told us that in his African travels, when far from civilization, his favorite book was the *Chanson de Roland.* The reason was that in this poem, which is far from being as artistically perfect as the *Iliad* or the *Æneid,* are depicted the noblest feelings of humanity; the cult of loyalty, honor and justice, the tender love of country, the passion for honor, valor and devotion. Professor Schofield, of Harvard, recently told us: "In France was born that chivalrous spirit which has excited the admiration and emulation of all who love human dignity and which is now being shown in the struggle being carried on between the classic and the Germanic world."

The greatness of this past lies in the fact that it is by no means dead; it remains living and fruitful throughout the centuries. Great things are themselves the germs of new greatness, and, in this development of the glorious legacy of our ancestors, true creation is to be found.

A consideration of the principles which guide German conduct will show those *we* ought to adopt. In Germany, for the past hundred years, there has grown up a certain practical philosophy which might be defined as a fatalistic artificialism.

Germany has accustomed herself to regard nature, the past, humanity, science, art, religion, all that is or can be, as material which she has the right and the power to fashion after her own will. The German is master of the universe; he defines himself as *Ein Herrenvolk* (a master-people). By his art and methods, his knowledge of the nature of things, he can change man and the entire world. He insolently sets against the timid doctrine of adaptation a universal artificialism.

Adopting the same point of view, certain German professors, beginning to find that their countrymen have succeeded too well in inculcating that hatred which they affect to regard as a confession of fear, now write: "After the war we must try to become systematically amiable" (*systematisch liebenswürdig zu werden*).

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The notion of artificialism is but half of the German conception of life; the German is also omnipotent because, as a primitive people (*Urvolk*), he is directly connected with the initial principle of things. Being the visible agent of God, it is through him that God carries out His designs in the world.

At the outbreak of the war the German pastors preached: *Gott will durch uns Taten tun:* "God intends to do extraordinary things through us." God, that is to say, not a conscious and free Being, a person as *we* understand the word, but a law of development, in virtue of which the end toward which things tend to move is determined from all eternity. And this end is none other than the universal hegemony of Germanism. Germanism accounts for everything, since there is nothing in the world the perfection and reason for existence of which do not contribute to realize the German ideal.

By considering the German point of view we come to a better understanding of our own. The offspring of a classic civilization, we do not regard will and action as anterior to thought and being; we look for excellence in a true and harmonious blend of thought and will, the universal and the individual, law and liberty.

We do not claim, by scientific and psychological methods, to effect a radical transformation in human beings, to make, *e. g.,* a man into an automaton or a German into a Frenchman. Nature must be respected, and in her types, which she preserves throughout the ages, she is truly deserving of respect. Consequently we obey her, not as slaves, but as coworkers. And while our art assumes the duty of transcending nature, it also endeavors to transcend itself in order to rise to that blend of art and nature which is called the natural.

The past, too, in our eyes, is deserving of respect. The Germans utilize it, extracting from it such elements as interest them or are suited to their purpose and caring nothing for the rest. In our opinion, the ancients lived for themselves no less than do the present generations of men; in a generous and original thought there is something more than material that can be used or that must be rejected. We still read Plato, not only as scholars but as disciples; we think there is something in him that is great, infinite and divine, and that his writings will always contain something for us to reflect upon, something that is living and creative.

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We likewise repudiate the doctrine of fatalism. The Germans accuse us of believing in nothing but the independence of the individual, of seeking freedom in anarchy. There is a false conception of individual freedom; a legitimate self-possession is too frequently mistaken for the rejection of all obedience and respect. Such a use of individual freedom, however, is by no means inevitable. There is assuredly more freedom in mastering one's passions than in giving way to them. Our task is to reconcile liberty with law and justice. We shall always uphold that education, based on respect for nature, tradition and liberty, which is called a liberal education.

In accordance with this principle, we will consider man in his physical, his intellectual and his moral nature.

Our first problem in physical life is that of natality. A decreasing birth rate, the stagnation of the French population, is extremely serious. "How can France," wrote a German, "continue to play a part in the world? She is committing suicide; within a measurable period ahead she will be non-existent. Nature abhors a vacuum. It is but natural and right that the four sons of a German should seize the place usurped by the one son of a Frenchman."

The problem is as difficult to solve as it is important. The evil is profound; a low birth rate springs from that egotism and love of pleasure which causes children to be regarded as an encumbrance, a cause of the diminution of the family fortune. A child, it is urged, is desirable as an heir, but one only, so that the fortune may not be split up; and so the future is gaily sacrificed to the present, the race to the individual, the country to money.

Now, the French race is a fruitful one; our instinct is to cherish our children, in proof of which consider the wonderful growth of the French population in Canada and Algeria, and in certain parts of France itself.

Of a surety, intelligence must control all our actions, but why should intelligence be used in thwarting Nature where she is engaged in so fine and admirable a work? What is procreation but that perpetual renewal of life, effected by childhood, and which is so healthily contagious in those who are growing old? It is criminal to oppose nature's eternal *élan* toward life and youth. Not only is procreation the reasonable and desirable satisfaction of a fundamentally natural instinct, it is also our duty to insure the continuation

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of the human service entrusted to us. We may not regard the universe as made for ourselves, as culminating in our paltry individuality and as having for its only object the procuring of a few pleasant sensations.

After natality we will consider physical worth. This must not be regarded as the basis, or even the generating cause of intellectual and moral qualities. Such an interpretation of Juvenal's famous line: *mens sana in corpore sano,* is a misconception. Neither the sound mind nor the sound body engenders the other; both are alike necessary.

In the perfection of the body are three essential elements. The first is health, the unit which, as has been said, when placed before the zeros of life, gives them value. Nowadays we show ourselves extraordinarily anxious about our physical well-being; there is no scientific progress or costly invention to which we do not appeal for obtaining health. And yet, how often do we miss it because we either neglect or despise the simplest of means: sobriety of living and obedience to the laws of morality.

The second essential quality is strength and suppleness. The man who is physically strong is more free and capable of helping himself in every circumstance of life than the one who is weak. And in war, since it still exists, physical vigor is a practically indispensable condition, not only of dash and audacity, but of endurance and coolness, of self-possession and mental freedom.

The third quality is beauty. This must not be relegated to museums, or made the aristocratic privilege of the few. Physical beauty is a good thing in itself. Did not the great philosophers of old claim that in all things beauty inclines the mind to appreciate propriety, moderation and grace, the forerunner, so to speak, of goodness?

Now, let us consider intellectual culture.

Socrates taught that the virtue of a man is in proportion to his knowledge. Never, indeed, has the power of science in the field of action been manifested as during the present war. The spirit in which the education of the intellect is conceived will have a decisive influence over the future of our land. As a general principle, every citizen must possess a fund of practical and utilizable knowledge. It has been the fashion to make a radical distinction between theory and practice. The pure scientist has seemed to disdain realization and the prac-

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titioner has regarded the great generalities of pure science as useless.

Such conceptions have had their day. There is not a theoretical as distinct from a practical science; there is simply science, which both explains and produces phenomena.

The consequence of this principle is specialization. The field of science is so immense that manifestly each individual can cultivate only a small part of it. Every man must be good at something, and this will enable him to be good for something.

Coördination, too, must go along with specialization. All essential specialties must have their own organs for social life in order to be complete and normal. Some degree of intervention on the part of the directing power, the State, here seems necessary; no longer can we allow individuals to learn just what they please. We cannot simply apply what Americans call the elective system (worked by the students themselves) of the branches of study they are to take up. Here, the students are inadequate judges. At Harvard University, where this system held sway—it has since been greatly mitigated—I asked a student what course of lectures he had chosen. He answered that he was attending those given in the afternoons, the reason being that he liked to spend his mornings in bed!

We cannot content ourselves with being parts of a man, *Teilmenschen,* according to the German ideal; we intend to maintain the distinctive character of human society. Remember, there is no true bond between individuals or classes of individuals that entirely differ from one another, such as we find in division of labor. Between such persons there is merely juxtaposition, a purely external organization, analogous to the arrangement of the parts of a machine. Human society must be something more than a set of wheels; it must be made up of persons who exchange ideas, who live, as it were, within one another.

The general culture of which we are thinking is expressed in French literature and art. In Germany, literature has reached a high stage of development. All the same, it is a specialty, like chemistry or surgery. *Die schöne Literatur* has nothing to do with scientific works, nor vice versa. To say that some learned or philosophical book was well written would be ironical praise.

Quite different is the French conception of art and litera-

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ture. A country, to our mind, is a living person, made up of a body and a soul. The body is the soil, whilst literature and art compose the soul. These, indeed, contain and keep eternally living and fruitful the finest and greatest thoughts, feelings and dreams of our ancestors; all we have accomplished ourselves and all that marks our rôle and mission in the world. Literature, to us, is not a specialty; it is a common consciousness.

Now, we must consider moral culture. In spite of the progress of science and the resulting transformations, this has lost nothing of its importance. On the contrary, the greater the power of action, the more necessary the inner curb. What are our moral duties in the world as at present constituted?

In solving this problem, we must follow Pascal's maxim: measure our power by our duty, not our duty by our power. Now, once we are thoroughly convinced that we ought to do anything, without the slightest doubt we shall be capable of doing it.

Take individual virtues. In Germany the doctrine is held that private virtues—moral virtue strictly so called,—are of no importance where the political organism has all the perfection and power of which it is susceptible. The Prussian State demands of its citizens the services it needs; it has nothing to do with their personal morality. "Private virtues," said Treitschke, "are good for monasteries."

Now, we cannot admit that such virtues are suitable for monks alone. The whole tendency of the educators of mankind, throughout the ages, has been to instill in the individual more dignity and worth. We intend to remain faithful to such teaching. Nor do we admit that another nation should arrogate to itself the monopoly of civilization, progress and duty, whereas what it really offers to the world is the prostitution of science, morality and religion to violence and barbarity.

Private virtues are indispensable to the very existence of true human societies. In the *Protagoras* of Plato we read that Jupiter ordered Mercury to distribute the virtues of modesty and justice, not to a few, but to all the citizens without exception, since no society is possible apart from these virtues. Who would dare to affirm that this doctrine is no longer true?

However indispensable private virtues may be to society

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itself, we do not admit that social virtue is a simple generalization of it. In organized society there is something more than an arithmetical total of individual capacities. The Germans have given us a terrible example of the awful power that can be created by organization. It is useless to utter anathemas or reasonings against this power. Force can be overcome by force alone. Now, the multiplication of force can be obtained only by the mathematical combination of individual forces. Individuals must therefore become literally parts of a whole. In the sight of the State, are individuals, especially in times of crisis, no more than numbers, impersonal forces? Does public duty henceforth consist in being prepared, at the command of the State, to abdicate all sense of justice, modesty or morality? Is the proposition: *Unsere Kriegsführung kennt keine zuchtlose Grausamkeit*—Our mode of warfare knows no undisciplined cruelty,—synonymous, as the Germans say it is, with that other proposition: *Unsere Kriegsführung kennt keine Grausamkeit*—Our mode of warfare admits of no cruelty of any kind?

Over against such theories as these we set the classic doctrine: the nation or State is not simply a force, it is a moral being. The State has been instituted to provide a loftier development of the powers of mankind. Consequently, it can neither be indifferent to morality, nor above—for in this connection above would mean below—morality. The State has its duties, rights and responsibilities, and cruelty or injustice committed by the State remains cruelty and injustice.

The violation of Belgian neutrality, the devastation of Serbia, the massacre and slavery of civilians, submarine warfare, are all State crimes. Unheeding the shameless sophistry of our opponents we still maintain that evil is evil, whoever commits it, and that a nation, no less than an individual, is capable of virtue or vice, honor or infamy. For this reason we can give the most willing obedience to our country and to the State whose mission it is to safeguard it.

The objection may be urged that the German State is more than a person, that it is a divinity, God visible and realized in this world. Certainly the German people, in their political conceptions, are known to be guided by a mystic and religious idea. What they have set up to worship, however, is German force, whereas the sovereign before whom we bow is right and justice.

Hence result interesting consequences, as regards both

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the inner life of States and their mutual relationships. Were we to consider the State as nothing but a force, individuals would find it necessary to become wheels in the perfectly determined and infallible working of a machine. What, then, would become of the rights of the individual? Could there be any freedom of conscience, any tolerance for those who took it into their heads to think for themselves?

On the other hand, admit that the State is a person, as an individual is; then freedom of conscience acquires singular importance. It is not only freedom that I must recognize in my neighbor, because he is a man like myself, I must also acknowledge the right of the State to cultivate amongst its citizens every form of thought and feeling calculated to contribute to its beauty, prestige and greatness. Variety is more beautiful and fruitful than uniformity. The State can advocate only a liberty which is for it a principle of life, creation and originality. The State as force will have nothing to do with freedom of conscience; the State as person respects and guarantees it, and, if need be, institutes it.

To deprive it of any of the characteristic expressions of its genius is to mutilate a nation. Why have we deplored the violence that has separated us from our brothers of Alsace-Lorraine? It is not only because they were as attached to us as we were to them, it is also because they contributed a special note needed to make France truly harmonious. It was a loss to the entire world when the precious qualities of these two provinces were rudely torn away from the whole of which they formed an essential element. They were both like and unlike us; and it is just this blend of similitudes and differences that constitutes the originality and the beauty of a human society.

And what is true of a State applies also to the relations between States. There is one new fact that has been either revealed or created by the war: the unity of the world. The solidarity between nations is no longer a doctrine or a possibility; it is a fact; and the result of the war will determine the régime that will govern the whole world, not merely a few nations.

What will this régime be? According to Germany, a State is something absolute, its essential attribute being sovereignty. Now, there can be only one sovereign, as there can be only one God. Were it otherwise the would-be sovereigns would make war until only one was left. Which should be

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the State *par excellence?* The one that combines in the highest degree force and culture, *i. e.,* the Prussian State, the German State, its development, and, in the near future, unless we check the process, the State which will be called Mittel-Europa, and then simply Europa, a further development of the German State. The German doctrine is that all States are destined to be either absorbed or dominated by this one State.

Even theoretically we cannot accept such a doctrine. If the nation is a moral being, a person, the nations have the right to remain free and to some extent independent within a universal solidarity, just like the individual in the State of which he is a part. All the same, how can this independence between States be reconciled with the unity which manifestly is to reign throughout the world?

Evidently this reconciliation would be inconceivable were there no other binding agent than force. Force demands and makes slaves. A despotic government will partially respect the characteristic elements of various national qualities only in so far as it can exploit them. But if we admit that, between nations as well as individuals, there are bonds of feeling, both natural and deserving of respect, if we deem it both possible and desirable that nations should strive not only for their own greatness but for the honor and greatness of humanity, then we shall deem it possible for State unions and federations to come into being and to exist, firm and strong, without being founded on material well-being or on the love of this alone. To human consciousness, fidelity, honor and justice are beautiful and deserving of respect; but because they are also in conformity with reason, they are built up on a basis of feeling.

To conclude, then: After the war we must expand our ideas both of duty and of power. We must conceive as forming part of our duty not only the dealings between individuals with one another, but also those that concern the prosperity of the land, the harmony of society, the dignity of the State and the establishment of international relations of equity and good-will. We cannot effect our salvation all alone, nor can we do our duty except by sharing in the common duty.

The idea of power, too, must be enlarged by means of science and organization. We shall expect both of these to give all they can, without thereby abandoning the cult of liberty and the ideal, but rather building up on liberty itself the very organizations which reason shows to be necessary.

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On whom will the form and character of our life depend in the coming future? Who will govern us? The heroes who return from the front, where they have set an example of the very qualities and virtues that will be needed. They will prove equal to the tasks awaiting them. Remain ever confident: they will build up for our land a destiny worthy of her sacrifices. Through trials and dangers transcending the power of imagination to conceive, they have become, as it were, the living incarnation of two of our most inspiring French motoes: "*Fais ce que dois*" ; "*Quand même!*"

EMILIE BOUTROUX.

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A NEW CHARTER OF LIBERTY

BY DARWIN P. KINGSLEY

OUR immediate duty is to win this war.

Since the days just preceding the Battle of the Marne disasters have been no thicker, the outlook has been no blacker than now.

The thicker the disasters, the darker the outlook, the more imperative that duty becomes.

We have entered the conflict because we could stay out no longer and retain our self-respect. We have gone overseas to meet a monster that planned later on to attack us in our own homes. We fight to drive from the world The Terror that slays, that debauches, that violates, that knows no honor, and has no compassion; but we also fight in order that, for similar reasons, the world may never have to fight again. If this is to be a place fit for habitation by civilized men, if it is to be a place in which hope and ambition and unselfishness and human affection are to flourish, we must win the war, and then make that victory effective through a change in the fundamental relations between democratic states.

With victory we shall face an unprecedented crisis, out of which a new world should be born—a world splendidly worth its fearful cost.

In that crisis, and fighting against that rebirth, will lie the deadly force of inertia, the paralyzing influence of ancient prejudices and fears, and a natural longing for the restoration of the old conditions.

Restoration of the status quo between the democracies of the world, after Germany has been crushed, means defeat; it means defeat not because the old world will then be broken financially and shattered morally, but because that new world cannot be born under the old conditions.

When this war began we were utterly unprepared to

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do our plain duty. We must not face the crisis that will lie in after-war conditions still totally unprepared.

A comprehensive post-bellum programme, thought out in advance and agreed to in principle by the Allies, is almost as important as victory itself.

To destroy this German Terror is necessary, but that does not reflect our full purpose. The conditions out of which this Terror was born, unchanged, will later produce others like it, possibly worse. We fight not only to crush or change Germany, but so to change the fundamentals of civilization that they shall no longer naturally breed, in part at least, the ideals which have made Germany the Monster that she is.

Neither the Anglo-Saxon, the Latin, the Japanese, nor the Slav can understand the remorseless, senseless, brutish savagery of the German. The chaos, the lawlessness of international relations, excuse and explain in part the German attitude, but they do not explain or excuse the monstrous crimes which, beginning with Germany's self-violated honor, have proceeded through thickening horrors to Ambassador Luxburg and his advice to sink the ships of friendly Powers, but to do it in such a way as to leave no trace.

The only immediate answer to these inhuman deeds lies in the throat of cannon and machine guns; no other answer is possible.

But there is another side to the problem which will assert itself, as we hope, at no distant date. The great majority of the peoples of the world is neither insane with egotism nor drunk with the lust of power. The majority of the world is to-day genuinely democratic—democratic not merely in its forms of governments, but democratic in its sympathies, in its willingness to concede to others the rights it demands for itself. That majority was badly organized when this war began; it was really so organized as to invite war. It was democratic within the frontiers of those civic entities which we call Republics, but in the relations between those units it was autocratic. Those relations must be changed; they must be reorganized. This reorganization will include Germany if it then appears that the word of a German in Germany can be taken for anything, if it then appears that as a people they have acquired a conscience; otherwise the German State must remain the Pariah amongst nations that it is to-day.

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Outside the incomprehensible savagery exhibited by Germany, I see little in her attitude toward other nations or in her purposes as a sovereignty that is really illogical or inconsistent with the present laws governing national existence. It is even possible to see how the doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty, which was and still is the basis of world relations, tended and tends to develop the amazing brutalities of the German people.

Each of the great sovereignties assumes that it is uncontrolled and uncontrollable by any other state, that in the last analysis it is itself the law. This is a reversion to a primal instinct. It created as many supreme authorities in this little world as there are great sovereignties. It erected impenetrable barriers, barriers called frontiers, between the sons of men. It made civilization a powder magazine. On the first of August, 1914, the magazine blew up.

Such having been the method of unconditioned sovereignty before the war and such its fruits, what will happen if it is continued unmodified after the war?

War will happen, war again and again, with the ultimate dominance of one great military Power.

It was as certain as the law of gravitation that both soon and late sovereignty must fight with sovereignty and that only the strong could survive. The violent change in the relations between sovereignties that followed the marvels of steam and electricity simply hastened the day when the fight was to begin, and increased its horrors. It was logical—indeed who shall now say it was not necessary?—for each sovereignty to prepare for that day. Substantially all sovereignties except our own did prepare. Germany simply saw a little more clearly than others or realized with more ruthlessness than others what the situation meant, and made corresponding preparation. It was logical, although entirely unmoral, for any sovereignty to build up out of this condition a fiction of superiority as Germany did. The sovereignty that was perfectly logical, and without moral sense, could well argue, as Germany did:

"This condition means war, there is no escape from it;
"Ultimately only one great Power can survive;
"The Power that survives will be the one that has the will to survive;
"That will is God-given, it was born of the plans of the Creator; therefore,

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"Germany having that will is chosen of God to rule the world; hence

"It becomes our duty, in order to carry out the Divine Purpose, not only to equip ourselves by every possible means, but to spy on other sovereignties in times of peace, to weaken them by any possible process, to suborn their public officers, to bribe their generals, to buy their newspapers, to pervert their public opinion;

"Moreover, it becomes our duty in order to obey the Divine Will to strike whenever it seems that we are best prepared to strike and the rest of the world is least prepared to defend itself; and

"As this will be the Supreme Fight, the one that is to establish God's purpose on the earth we shall be justified in hesitating at nothing, we shall have warrant for any act that will terrify—the end will justify the means."

In the doctrine of sovereignty, except as it may be qualified by the principles of democracy, there is no more morality than there is in the law of the jungle.

The logic of Germany was born of the morality of that Doctrine, and therefore, always under pressure from Germany, we had, for years before this war began, constantly increasing armament by land and sea, the so-called "balance of power" in Europe, and the international chaos of 1914. In that chaos Germany thought she saw her opportunity. She knew herself prepared. Her spies told her that France was unready. She knew that the Government of Russia was rotten, that she could suborn Russia's rulers, bribe her generals, and debauch her public opinion. She believed that Great Britain was decadent and would enter on no quixotic enterprise. She assumed that Italy would remain in the *Dreibund*. She expected us to become involved only after she had crushed Europe. It seemed to be "The Day". It would have been but for the glorious soul of Belgium, the matchless courage of France, and that gray, grim, silent line of ships which rests somewhere in the North Sea.

For years Germany's preparation had been obvious, its purpose confessed, the crisis inevitable. But the Democracies of the world apparently could not see the obvious, they preferred to ignore Germany's brazenly confessed purpose.

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They adhered to the doctrine of sovereignty and at the same time they flinched from the full measure of its fearful logic. They preserved their frontiers, they waged economic wars on each other through tariffs, but they did after a fashion recognize the rights of other peoples, and they did not let the lust for power utterly consume their souls. They built their railroads, for example, for commerce and not for war. They risked their very existence, as we now see, by not being entirely logical—and they have very nearly paid the price of their inconsistency. It is clear, therefore, that the democracies of the world must not permit that crisis to arise again. To prevent that they must either deny their own faith and become armed camps or they must formulate a post-bellum plan which will remove that monstrous logic from the democratic world, and they should formulate that plan now.

Assume that Germany is so changed in the not distant future that civilized men can deal with her, or that she is so crushed that she can be ignored: what then?

Are we still to follow the old programme? Can the world be reorganized for peace on those lines? It never has been. For some centuries now, peace in Europe has been merely a period of preparation for the next war. Is the doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty to be preserved with all its hideous significance for the future? If so, what shall we have gained by victory? Shall we have gained anything?

At the very threshold of all post-bellum discussion this doctrine will stand and thrust its bloody history into our councils. We cannot ignore it. We dare not palter with it. What are we to do with it? It cannot as yet be utterly abolished. Nationality with all its crimes was as inevitable a step in the evolution of government as mammals were in the evolution of man. It has played a great part, it must still play a great part; but its role hereafter in the democratic world must not be the leading part: humanity must come first.

In general terms, what does that involve? It will not be easy to modify the doctrine of sovereignty or to indicate a better plan; but whether the task be easy or difficult, it is now time—ignoring details—to name certain principles which must be adhered to in the future relations of democracies, if the victory that will cost us so much is not after all to be frittered away. If the Allies having crushed Germany continue relations between themselves such that in a generation or two it will be necessary for them to turn and crush each

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other, what will victory in this conflict have been worth?

Let us put it as baldly and as offensively as possible:

The sovereignty of the United States as between itself and the democracies, great and small, with which we should be federated at the close of this war must then be qualified. The sovereignty of Great Britain, France, Italy and all the democratic peoples included in that federation must be qualified in the same way.

That is the medicine the democracies of the world must ultimately take. Few people ever like their first whiff of it. Our forefathers did not like it, but it was good for them and they took it.

Apart from the necessity for such action between democracies after the war, we are already committed to the principle; so is Great Britain.

Great Britain has said that she fights, and we have said that we fight, to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small states as secure against aggression in the future as are the rights and privileges of great states. Even Germany has professed that purpose, although her first act in this war was to violate Belgium, and the first act of her principal ally was to attack a small state. President Wilson in his call for a declaration of war said we must have a partnership of democratic nations, a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. "Partnership" is a strong word, but it is not quite strong enough. A "league of honor" would be fine—we have had such things in the world before—but it will not solve this problem. A joinder of democratic states in which weak peoples and small states are to be fully protected must rest on clearly defined rights, and not on privileges granted by the grace of more powerful states. However sincere the great states in a league or partnership might be when it was formed, however perfectly they might intend then to respect the rights of small states, the precedents of history show clearly that they cannot be trusted to that extent, neither can they long be trusted to keep the peace between themselves. The history of the Thirteen States between the Peace of Paris and the adoption of the Constitution shows what would happen. Small states in such an enterprise must have as definite a place, their rights must be as clearly assured, as are the rights and privileges of the small states in the Federal Union. Safety that rests on grace or favor will not do. The union of democratic states

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after this war, to be effective, must be as indissoluble as the Federal Union itself.

Therefore out of the democracies of the world there must be created, not a League of nations, not a Partnership between states, but, by federation, a new State, a new Power, whose authority shall be drawn directly from the people—just as the authority of our Federal Government is drawn from the people and not from the States as such. The structure of that great new Power should rest on these principles: It should have the power to tax; it should act directly on the individual; it should have a bicameral legislature; it probably should have the three great divisions of our Federal Plan—Executive, Legislative and Judicial; and, most important of all, it should have a great Court whose verdicts, within fundamental limitations, shall be conclusive on all the States so federated.

These five great principles were never incorporated into the government of federated states until our Constitution was adopted, and ours is the first successful government in the world's history based on federated states.

Certain objections will immediately arise in the minds of all patriotic men. All such objections—except perhaps those that spring out of the problems of language—were raised at Poughkeepsie in the summer of 1788 and were beaten to death by the logic and eloquence of Alexander Hamilton; they were raised that same summer at Richmond by Patrick Henry and were conclusively answered by John Marshall and James Madison. By the power of superb leadership the Federal Constitution was adopted. And what has it wrought? What has it not wrought?

In the beginning it created a responsible State out of political and commercial chaos.

It made this land the dream and the hope of the plain people of all the earth.

It gave rule by the people a new significance and power.

Its greatest achievement is one we as yet only dimly comprehend: it created a new type of man.

The severest mental test under which free men were ever triumphant was the adoption of our Constitution. The severest civic test in which free men have triumphed was in our Civil War. The severest test of their capacity as statesmen ever faced by free men was formulated in President Wilson's call for men on April 2, 1917. That was a test

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indeed. How big was our average citizen? The President assumed almost a super-man. How broad was his vision? The President assumed that it was as wide as the world. Did he understand the real meaning of this war? Some of our so-called great men did not understand it then, and some of them apparently do not understand it now. Would this plain, peace-loving democrat give up his property, his business, his sons, his daughters, in a contest that seemed almost at the other end of the earth? The splendid boys, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, who without a word of complaint have given up their careers in life and are now gathering in our training camps and on our ships, the millions of others waiting their turn, the Liberty Loans, the quick response from all who can anywhere serve, give the President his answer.

American citizens, self-governed, free, are now rising to heights never before trod by free men. They are fighting in another hemisphere to help save the liberties of mankind. Having done that, it follows that the work will be but half done unless we formulate and support a programme by which those liberties so dearly preserved may certainly be perpetuated.

That calls for a new order, for a new world, for a new and a greater Charter of Liberty. Under that charter must come all the truly democratic and self-governed peoples of the world. If we are to have peace, then between these peoples there must be no more questions of "honor"—the international code duello is as much an anachronism as the individual code duello, and it must go. If we are to have peace, then, between these peoples there must be no more non-justiciable questions, and therefore we shall need no Councils of Conciliation and no Arbitral Tribunals, but we shall need that great Court whose decrees under the limitations of that charter shall be binding on all.

To achieve that, or anything approaching it, the old order must be abandoned.

This thought, the necessity of an adequate post-bellum plan, is probably foremost in the minds of all the thinkers of the democratic world. It has already assumed a variety of forms. It has been nobly phrased by President Wilson. It has been mouthed by the German autocracy. Societies have been organized here and in Europe to forward plans more or less imperfectly thought out.

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The League to Enforce Peace has attracted most attention. In substance that organization has been endorsed very widely. But the League does not propose really to change the basis of international relations, it does not go to the root of the difficulty. It proposes to use both its military and economic forces against any member that attacks another member, not having first submitted the questions at issue to the Judicial Tribunal of the League or to its Council of Conciliation.

If such differences are first submitted and the parties are still dissatisfied, they may then fight without interference by the League, or if one is dissatisfied, presumably it may then attack the other.

Under this plan questions of honor do not disappear; sovereignty is shorn of little of its arrogance; no *effective* process by which law shall take the place of force in international relations is proposed.

And yet the League has done and is doing fine work. It is leading the world up to the real problem. Let us remember that the resolution of the Continental Congress which called the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 did not direct the delegates to draft a new Constitution; no state gave its delegates any such authority. All that Convention was expected to do was to formulate and submit amendments to the old and impotent Articles of Confederation.

But when the great men who made up that body met they tore up their instructions; under the inspiration of Washington's opening address they erected a new standard and, in his literal words, "left the issue with God." If it had been announced that the Convention of 1787 would propose the abandonment of the Confederation, and would write a new Constitution—there would have been no Convention, no Constitution then and probably no United States of America now.

The Hague Tribunal was at best only a Confederation, feebler than ours; so feeble indeed that it never really accomplished any great thing. It undertook to create an International Court but failed because of inherent impotence. It was impotent because its units were sovereignties and, in the last analysis, sovereignties can obey no law but their own.

Let there be no mistake. When victory comes we cannot go back to any Hague Tribunal; that was a device to meet conditions in a barbaric age. We shall then have marched

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far past that. We shall be within reach of a victory through which we can really utilize Victory. We can win that larger victory, we can banish international anarchy and the international code duello if we tear up our instructions as our forefathers did, erect a new standard, and fight in a world arena for the ideals of Hamilton and Washington.

President Wilson in his message of December 3, 1917, raised that standard and rallied the democracies of the world with words of rare courage. After referring to the "partnership of nations which must henceforth guarantee the world's peace", he said:

> *That partnership must be a partnership of peoples, not a mere partnership of Governments.*

Into that sentence the President has compressed the whole philosophy of our Federal Government, the whole philosophy of world democracy, the only process by which we can hope to achieve permanent peace.

In his message of January 8th, in Article III of his programme, he calls for the "removal as far as possible of all economic barriers" between the nations associating themselves to maintain peace. A partnership of peoples as distinguished from a mere partnership of Governments with economic barriers removed means Federation and nothing less.

Sir Frederick Smith, Attorney General of Great Britain, speaking recently before the New York State Bar Association, referred to the difficulties which would attend the achievement of the President's programme and said that those difficulties by swiftly and unexpectedly merging would overwhelm the proposal, because they are so stupendous in their aggregate weight. If a mere league of sovereignties, of Governments, is to be entered into, and not a Partnership of Peoples, Sir Frederick is right. The difficulties would overwhelm the proposal. But if the democracies of the world should federate, it is perfectly clear that the difficulties pointed out by this distinguished lawyer, the very difficulties that made both our Confederation and the Hague Tribunal impotent, would rapidly disappear. They would disappear because they all, or substantially all, spring out of conditions that exist under a partnership of Governments but do not exist under a partnership of peoples.

To illustrate: Connecticut levied a tax on imports from

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Massachusetts under the Confederation, as she had a right to do. She was acting as a sovereignty. All the thirteen States did similar things, as they had a right to do. Difficulties arose; chaos followed; civil war was narrowly averted. But when the Confederation became a Federation, when the partnership between thirteen Governments became a partnership of peoples, these "rights" disappeared and most of the difficulties went with them.

With the lapse of time we more and more realize what a crisis in the development of democracy the Convention in Independence Hall in 1787 was. Suppose it had failed! Suppose it had followed instructions. Suppose Washington and Hamilton and Madison and Franklin had listened to the fears and had been influenced by the prejudices of the several States. Suppose that later on Clinton and not Hamilton had won in [1] New York and that New York had stayed out of the Union. Suppose that Patrick Henry and not John Marshall had won in Virginia and that [2] Virginia had stayed out of the Union. Can we measure the calamity? Would Yorktown, where our fathers had won the identical victory we are now sending our boys to Europe to win, have had any further meaning for them? Would it have any meaning for us now?

Nothing is more certain than the political destruction of the Thirteen States if the Federal Constitution had failed of adoption.

Nothing is more certain than a return to confusion, chaos and war, and an ultimate recrudescence of autocracy in some form, if democracy triumphant does not redeem itself, does not abandon the old order and federate.

None of the Thirteen States lost any dignity or liberty or endangered its integrity by entering the Federal Union. No democratic state would lose any dignity or liberty or imperil its integrity by entering such a Federation.

On the contrary, each of the Thirteen States took on added power and dignity and insured its integrity by surrendering it separate sovereignty.

The surrender of separate sovereignty is the only process by which the democratic States of the world can severally insure their continued integrity.

[1] On the decisive ballot 57 votes were cast; 30 for, 27 against, Governor Clinton not voting. The official majority for the Constitution was 3; the actual majority was two.

[2] The majority in Virginia was 10; the ballots cast totaled 168.

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War between the States of this Union—grown from thirteen to forty-eight—is now unthinkable. War between the democratic states of the world must be made equally unthinkable, and that cannot be achieved while the doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty survives.

In the history of this country from 1783 to 1789 we have the history of a world democracy, in microcosm, successfully worked out against problems as complex as any which will exist at the close of this war. Seeking a federation of democratic states after we have achieved victory in battle, we shall not be testing out a theory, we shall be following historic precedents. To the truth of that, the flag that floats over us bears eloquent witness. Its thirteen stars have become forty-eight, and in that development no star was lost—not even when our foundations were re-tested and re-established by the bloody verdicts of a great Civil War.

In planning to destroy democracy Germany has unwittingly created an opportunity through which the establishment of world democracy may be advanced by centuries, but by this very act she has raised supreme issues which must be met and met now:

1st. Are democracies strong enough to sustain themselves? Can they meet and hurl back the desperate physical challenge of autocracy?

2d. Can they grasp and utilize the opportunity which victory will bring?

The answer to the first question is still incomplete, largely because the Allies have fought as separate sovereignties, as partners, as a confederation, and not as a unit with one common and over-mastering purpose. This method has been so ineffective and so costly that the Prime Minister of England and the Premier of France lately joined in utterances which point out that weakness with brutal frankness. Not unnaturally, indeed almost inevitably, the Allies are repeating the confusion and the follies of the Thirteen States in our Revolution. Worse than that. The Thirteen States did unite in one supremely important thing: they made George Washington Commander-in-Chief of all their armies. The Allies have failed as yet to unite under a Common Leader in any department of the war.

The test of the second question—Can the Allies wisely utilize victory?—will follow hard on the heels of victory. It will not wait long for a reply. If the Allied Nations driven

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together by the centripetal force of war co-operate with difficulty, what will happen when that unifying force is withdrawn? What happened after our liberties were won in 1783, when the common peril had been abated? A period of weakness, of confusion, and of folly unbelievable.

Liberty was saved and order restored only when the Thirteen States swallowed their false pride and gave up the barbaric right of separate sovereignty. The lesson is plain.

The next great question will be—indeed it now presses—to what extent have the democracies of the world learned that lesson? Obviously they have not learned it for war. The English Premier almost imperiled his seat by his recent declaration in favor of a War Council of the Allies. The mere suggestion that an English Army might be directed by a body not entirely British immediately aroused the barbaric instincts of sovereignty and set all the politicians upon the Premier's back. The people, however, sustained him. May not that circumstance and the *clear call for unity of action recently issued by President Wilson* be an augury that with victory democracy will achieve speedily what it took us eighty-two years to accomplish? Our fathers faced the problem when the Peace of Paris was signed in 1783; we completed the task at Appomattox in 1865.

We shall indulge in sheer sophistry if we attempt to argue that the Allies' problem will be essentially different from the one we have solved in this hemisphere. It will be exactly the same problem.

It is therefore time, high time, ignoring details, to examine fundamentals, to formulate principles, to admit facts, to recognize unavoidable conclusions, as the basis of post-bellum discussions.

On these four Principles all sound discussion must rest:

First Principle: All men are created equal.

Sovereignty has compelled us practically to deny the universality of that principle.

Governmentally we assert that only Americans are created equal.

Second Principle: All men are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights.

Our instinctive desire to apply this principle beyond our own frontiers explains largely why we were so pitifully unprepared when we entered this war.

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Third Principle: Sovereignty is an attribute of the individual and not inherently an attribute of the state.

That is the very essence of democracy, and is at eternal war with all frontiers.

Fourth Principle: States are instrumentalities and not ends.

Until that principle is recognized and enforced there can be no lasting peace.

The following indisputable Facts must be recognized in any effective discussion:

First Fact: None of these four principles, which express universal truths, has yet been tested—except between the States in this Republic—beyond the limits set by national frontiers; they have otherwise never had any but a local application.

Second Fact: To make the world safe for democracy and democracy safe for the world these principles must everywhere be applied, BETWEEN *democracies as well as* WITHIN *democracies.*

Third Fact: The doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty is the force that has prevented such an application of these universal truths.

Therefore as between democracies the doctrine of unconditioned sovereignty must be abolished.

It is not too early for the Allies to agree on these principles as the basis of their post-bellum plan. It is not too early for them to recognize the truth of these facts. It is not too early to admit the great conclusion that follows from those principles and facts.

But democracy can apply that conclusion only if its hands are clean. There can be no federation of democracies after peace comes if that peace is a cowardly compromise with criminals. First there must be bitter repentance in Germany—either through a reawakening or through sheer physical defeat.

Cities cannot compromise with gunmen and burglars and remain cities: democracies cannot compromise with forces that deny the very fundamentals of democratic faith and

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remain democracies, and the Allies can never compromise with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs.

We fight to establish liberty, to restore the good order of the world; but good order will not be restored, liberty will not be established, merely by defeating Germany. *There can be no permanent régime of good order in the world if the relations between the nations now allied are continued after the war as they were before the war.* If this conflict has not taught us that, it hasn't taught us anything.

Autocracy was halted at the Marne. It was defeated at Verdun. It will be crushed only in Berlin. Its menace will be ended when triumphant democracy issues and its units adopt a new Charter of Liberty, based on the identical surrender made by the Thirteen States when they adopted the fundamental law of this Republic. By no other process can a peace be organized which shall be worth the crushing cost of this conflict.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY.

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THE SECOND COMING

LOUISE DRISCOLL

A strange thing the Preacher said,
And proved it by the Book,
He told all people who could hear
To wait and watch and look
To see the risen Lord appear,
That Jesus who was dead.

How curious it will be!
The blue, familiar sky
Cracked open suddenly,
Broken from east to west
Like an old dish, a bowl,
Blue china, just now whole,
Now broken, as though dropped
By a careless maid. Then stopped
Will be all laughter, and the sun,
Its long course run,
Will suddenly stand still,
And people in the street
Will stop and look to see
Archangels pass and meet,
A light—music, maybe—
Angelic hosts and choirs,
And saints bowing before
A shining, swinging door,
And tending altar fires.

How the thief will stay
His furtive, skillful hand!
What will the liar say?
The plotter, quite confused,
Will face the true Judgment.
Sly men with ill intent
Will stagger, faint at heart.
No one may stand apart
And claim a special case.
We must meet face to face
With Him who lived and died,

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He whom men crucified.
He rose again
And judges men.

If He should come today
We'd see the soldiers stand
Each with his tool in hand,
The drowned from the deep sea
Would bring old jewels caught
In their wet, streaming hair.
What secrets will be there,
When from old graves the dead
Creep whispering. Overhead
A rain of shining wings,
Scents, colors, and such things
As we have never seen or known
Poured from the Great White Throne!

We do not all believe.
No, there are some who say
That these old tales deceive,
And day will follow day
To some logical end.
We shall still earn and spend,
Weep, sleep, and by-and-by
Stop struggling and die.
And some have never heard,
And some men do not care.
How we will stand and stare
When stars remember the lost word
And sing, and the skies fall!
That high, blue, silent wall
Of Heaven—larkspur blue—
Will crumble and fall down,
And flame will circle all the earth
Like a great jeweled crown.

Will any of us cry out?
"Oh, God," will someone say,
"Why don't you put some of these things
In a great box with fastenings,
With locks and seals, to use again,
To give, perhaps, to other men
On worlds less lovely than this one
Whose day is ended and whose work is done.

In Heaven is there no treasury
For beauty of this earth and sea?

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Green fields that never sinned
And flowers innocent,
White highways where the wind
Ran between faithful trees,
And valleys redolent
Of sweet herbs where the bees
Go honey seeking—these—
Have you no use for them?"
And we who love the turquoise cave,
Will there be some among us who
Will try to catch the stars and save
Some bits of immemorial blue
To carry with us, like the shells
That children carry from the sea,
For keepsakes in eternity?

LOUISE DRISCOLL.

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AT THE FRONT:

THE END OF A BITTER DAY

BY ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

In the Chateau Park the shells were falling thick as leaves in an autumn forest. The nightfall was bitter and gray. The sunshine with which the day began long since had fled. Fast-moving somber clouds were blotting out the sky, while squalls of wailing wind gave promise of a night of storm.

Along the road that dipped beyond the Chateau Park a line of troops was passing. They marched in single file, with apprehensive step, like hunted deer, moving swiftly at the double, then falling flat upon their faces, while the blast of death went hurtling overhead.

The men wore helmets covered with the same material as the sandbags of the trenches. Their uniforms were in color like the dust of the road. On their shoulders they bore great packs; their rifles were carried at the trail. When they doubled they were oppressed by those toiling burdens.

Ever since noon the troops had been passing over the dip of the road in an endless chain. Sometimes a shell fell athwart that human chain, and one,—two,—three, or more went down. There was a rush of stretcher bearers, and limp figures were removed. But the column did not waver. The broken links were closed and the endless chain moved on. Whatever else might happen, the firing line must be fed, and these marching men could know no pause.

Inside the chateau the thick walls muffled every noise, the sound of the guns seemed far away and the cry of the stricken could not be heard.

When the storm began I was afraid that the chateau would soon be about our heads, but the calm of the Brigadier gave me faith in the invulnerability of the walls. The great, dark, paneled room was wrapped in gloom. The Brigadier

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sat in a chair beside the window, the Adjutant sat at a telephone, almost obscured.

As I gazed at the face of the Brigadier that tornado of battle without seemed in another world. His long, lean frame was sunken deep into a chair. In the twilight the detail of features was lost, but a bold, high forehead, a pallid countenance, and eyes as black as night were clearly discerned. The red and gold of his insignia gave a relieving touch of color. Looking at him, sitting there so somber and aloof in the gloom of the chateau, I seemed to be regarding a portrait by Rubens or some old Flemish master.

Outside, the shell-swept dip of the road and the hunted figures reminded one of battle; but in the room with the Brigadier there was the calm of vespers. Once during the early afternoon a shell came crashing through the upper stories of the chateau. I was all a-tremble. But the Brigadier, with whom I was talking at that moment, merely raised his eyebrows, and with cold indifference announced, "That's pretty close, my boy. Go on, my boy, go on. Don't let that interrupt you."

Now and again a sudden ring of the telephone told of a frantic cry from the trenches, or the guns. Often the Adjutant breathed with excitement as he uttered portentous news. Sometimes there was a pause, while the Chief glanced at a map, or pondered dispositions. But his imperturbable calm was unbroken, and always in that quiet, low-spoken voice he gave his answer.

Only once in that long and trying day did I hear his accent change. He was for some time without a message from a certain forward Observing Officer. "What's he there for?" he exclaimed testily, and taking the telephone, he laid down the law in the terms of a soldier.

Many a time thereafter, when I had been far forward in the midst of battle, there came with a steadying peace the picture of that Brigadier. Two weeks later our line was suddenly pierced by the enemy. Consternation reigned in the trenches. During those awful moments of suspense, while I sat in Battalion Headquarters telegraphing to our guns, there flashed before me, in the shadow, the memory of that serene and steadfast face.

My days' confinement in the chateau came by the chance of battle. We were taking over from another battery, and I had been sent forward to acquaint myself with the zone of fire.

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In the early morning I had ridden across country for five miles with my groom. At the Right Group Artillery Headquarters I was to receive a guide to direct me through to the guns. The Right Group Headquarters I found situated in a chateau, famous throughout Belgium for its miraculous escape from the shells.

I left my horse in the care of the groom in the stables and entered the room reserved as Headquarters. Before any explanations could be made our calm was broken. The Hun let loose a mine beneath our trenches and even where we were the ground was shaken from the vast reverberation. In a twinkling all the enemy's artillery was in action. Without the slightest warning, we had been plunged from the peace of a springtime morning into the wildest inferno of battle. A message from the battery to which I was going sent me instructions to wait until a barrage which cut off their approach had been lifted. All day I waited, and at night I received instructions to return to the wagon lines to convoy ammunition.

We had had a month of calm, an unheard-of experience in the salient of Ypres. With the succession of uneventful days and the serenity of the springtime, we had almost forgotten that world of war in which we dwelt. Men came out of the trenches and returned again, just as those at home went to their daily tasks. Life took on an almost peaceful round.

Amongst the cavalry and the artillery we had a horse show, and the infantry, while out at rest, indulged in a festive day of sports. At the wagon lines the monotony of life was beginning to pall. I was glad when the Major said to me, "You're for the guns tomorrow."

The foundations of our world of yesterday had seemed as fixed as the hills; today they are insubstantial as the mist. Yesterday I stood at attention while the Major-General of a division passed. Tommies and mere junior officers might come and go, but that resplendent General passing in his luxurious limousine seemed fixed and set. Indeed, had I not said to myself as he passed, "His future is secure." But in the chateau on that bitter evening the Adjutant announced, in tones of awe, "The General of the Division holding our left was killed this morning."

The Brigadier's Headquarters for me was a place of ever-increasing gloom. It had gone ill with us, and every

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mischance was echoed back into that chateau, as into a whispering gallery. One's heart grew heavy with ever-increasing news of disaster. At such an hour the imperturbability of the Brigadier shadowed forth his invincible faith. He smiled as I clicked my spurs and saluted to him in parting, and called out, "Good luck to you, my lad," as I left the room.

In the hallway I met the Adjutant. "I envy your old boy his stoic calm," I declared.

"The same here," said the Adjutant. "He is certainly a priceless example to the rest of us chaps."

Leaving the chateau for the noise without was like coming from the deep recesses of a lighthouse into the open of an angry sea. One's first impulse was to dart back again into the cloistral seclusion of the muffled walls. Overhead there was a constant whirr of shells. The Germans had got by aeroplane the exact position of a heavy battery opposite, and around the gun-pits there was an endless rain of bursting shells.

The cordite in one gun-pit was ignited by the detonation of an enemy shell. In a moment the whole gun-pit glowed with fire, and flames forty feet high leaped up into the sky. "Gawd pity the poor blighters in that gun-pit!" some one exclaimed. I felt a pang for those unfortunate gunners, who in a twinkling would be burnt to a crisp.

It was pitch dark now, but the landscape was momentarily alight from the burning cordite. In the glare we beheld that long thin column still moving at the double over the dip of the road. In the lurid light, the crouching darting figures looked more than ever like hunted beasts.

That morning when I arrived, all was sunshine in the courtyard. The morning light was stealing through to the wood behind, and the trees were thrilling to the voices of the springtime. As we cantered in toward the stables, my horse pricked his ears to the voice of a lark. I breathed deeply of the scent of meadow and wildwood, and exulted in the balm of the morning air.

But the close of day was sad because of the changes that had come. The wildwood was inky blackness, a storm swept the forest, through which the louder tempest of the Red Artillery shrieked and screamed.

The courtyard, that morning so spic and span, was now littered with indescribable debris—arms and equipment, bully-beef tins, ration limbers, cartridge-cases, and the in-

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evitable backwash of the tide of battle. Here and there great shell-holes gaped. The wounded were lying along the sides of the buildings, and in the carriage-house a First Aid Dressing Station was clogged with patients. Behind the carriage-house lay a row of pathetic figures sewed up in gray blankets.

I found my groom busily engaged in holding my horse down to earth. But my approach quieted him, and he opened his great black eyes appealingly, and rubbed his nose against me, saying plainly, "Do take me out of this wretched place!"

Once in the saddle, our mounts needed no urging. They proceeded to put the greatest possible distance between them and the dreadful chateau where they had suffered nightmares all day long.

The roads were black with troops, moving up for the counter-attack. Voices which I had heard the night before in the *Estaminet* hailed me in passing. Later, when I heard that this one or that one had gone West, I recalled their last salutation.

Now and again I was stopped by the clogging of traffic. At such times those going up were keen for the latest rumors from those going down.

"How much have we lost?" "Are we holding?" "Have we counter-attacked yet?" "Are there many before us?" "Will our crowd be the first to go over the top?" These were the commonest questions.

I paused in one place and bent in my saddle to shake the hand of a brother officer of the old 17th Nova Scotia Highlanders. We had been together at the very start, and felt a camaraderie not known in later units of swifter changing personnel.

I had heard of dread presentiments in France, but never did I encounter a more remarkable case than that of my brother-officer. He had been on the line for nearly two years, and was noted for his *sang-froid*. But that night his hand trembled, and he was ashen pale. He tried to smile at some pleasantry of mine, but his face was overcast by a cloud of sickening apprehension.

"By-bye, old man, my time has come," he said huskily in parting.

"Nonsense," I answered. "They haven't made a bullet that can hit you yet."

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But I watched him move off as one who has received his death-warrant. Many a time he had passed unscathed, where it had seemed that scarce a blade of grass could live. I thought of him as one who lived a charmed life. For such a one to lose heart seemed direst tragedy.

Two hours later, in leading his company across a field, his head was blown off his body.

On leaving my pal of the old 17th, I felt overwhelmed by a wave of sadness that had been rising within me all day. This was the end of a bitter, bitter day. How could a man keep up his courage through weeks and months of such calamity?

With brooding sadness, I pulled my horse up at the cross-roads, to let a long column of motor-lorries pass. While I paused thus in moody silence, I heard from up the road the sound of singing. A small squad of men were coming out of the trenches, and, true to convention, they were singing as they came.

"Who are you?" I asked, as they passed, thinking that they were some cyclist company, or fatigue party, that had been up for special duty in the trenches.

"We're the 'Princess Pats'," came the proud reply, and then I heard them launch off again into another song.

I had seen that same regiment, then nearly a thousand strong, pass down the road towards Ypres not less than a week before. I remembered how I was thrilled as I thought of their fighting prowess, and gazed at their Colonel, appearing every inch a soldier, riding his charger at the head of his men. Behind the Colonel came the pipes, playing *Blue Bonnets Over the Border*. After that came the long lines of companies with their full complement of officers. It took fifteen minutes for the entire regiment to pass, going in; but it took less than a minute for that remnant to pass, going out.

All that was left of them went by. They had been cut to pieces often before, but this time they were decimated. The gallant Colonel had been killed while leading his men over the top. All the Company Commanders and other officers had been wounded or killed, and only one boyish-faced subaltern remained, who now marched at the head of the column.

Companies that went in over two hundred strong were now returning with twenty-five. The total strength of the

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regiment as it passed was less than seventy. Those seventy had suffered agonies beyond description. They had faced the springing of a giant mine. They had occupied the crater, and they had held on in the face of shell-fire so terrible that it had robbed some of their reason. When the Germans had offered them a truce, and asked them to surrender the crater, they had yelled back, "Surrender be damned! Come and take the crater!"

The Huns had not taken the crater. Reinforcements had arrived, and it was safe. Now, the remnant of the regiment that saved the day were marching back to billets. Their uniforms were torn, and caked with blood and filth. Their faces were haggard. The regiment was shattered, but its spirit was unbroken. While one man remained, the "Princess Pats" remained. With that same blithesome and light-hearted mien the handful went swinging by, joining with lusty voices in an old troop-song:

Steadily and shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily we'll ride and sing,
Marching along, steady and strong,
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

Down the road I followed them into the darkness, until the sound of the singing grew faint and died away. Then, with light heart restored, I too struck up a song, and cantered down the road. For me the flashing glimpse of that brave remnant had swept all clouds away.

I had seen a star at the end of a bitter day.

ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

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FEAR, COURAGE, AND CHRISTIANITY

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

FEAR assaulting, courage repulsing: from man's origin these enemies have made his heart their battlefield. No life was ever so fortunate or so powerful that it did not contain hours of terror. No life was ever so mean that it did not contain a moment's fortitude. Today the war, which, like a monstrous lens, magnifies all emotions, is giving titanic size to this pair of close-locked foes within our own nature.

"Fear is a nasty emotion." These words were written long since by a woman who was doing relief work in Armenia during a typical massacre by the Turks, and who did not know, when she rose in the morning, whether she would be alive—or would be willing to be alive—at nightfall. "On the whole," she added good-humoredly, "it is probably the worst ill to which flesh is heir." The light phrase holds an exact meaning. Under the torture of the mind's fear the flesh experiences painful changes. "I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax: it is melted in the midst of my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws." How many thousands today in Europe—women and girls and little children—know once more the age-old terror of the helpless! In Belgium and in France, as in the storied Thebes of Aeschylus's ruthless vision, "'tis cause for tears that maids scarce come to womanhood, plucked all unripe, should cross the threshold of the halls of hate" and "bloodstained bleatings of the new-born infants at the breast make clamorous undertone." Almost as appalling is it to remember the fathers and husbands and lovers who, fighting at a distance, must fear the worst through months, or even years, of silence. Add to this the knowledge of millions of men—our own, in great battalions, soon to be among them—who realize that they may be struck down by the enemy tomorrow. The bravest of them are not the swashbucklers

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and fire-eaters but those whose flesh, in some sensitive hour of anticipation, recoils from the shell and bayonet. And finally, the wide world over, women in stricken multitudes are dreading the death or mutilation of their beloved. The burden of the world's fear becomes almost too heavy to bear.

And yet there is healing for this sickness, release from this burden. In the twinkling of an eye the world's courage also confronts us in heroic size. Fear's image dissolves from view. The little boy on a street in Belgium lets the Prussians kill him rather than betray the movements of the men of his village. The soldier who has not been allowed to hear from his wife and young daughter for more than two years writes: "The enemy knows what he is doing in this, but even so he will not succeed. It needs only one more effort of courage." The men who know they may be killed rush to the battle's front. Their mothers and wives who know they may never come back send them forth with a smile.

While courage and fear are thus thrown upon a vast screen we have the opportunity to look for their substance and their meaning.

Inherent in all living are assaults from terror. We may be safe from the physical dangers of war or from the perils braved in times of peace by those who risk their lives to preserve civic order, or to conquer disease, or to open up new lands and waters. But sooner or later, in some guise or other, each one of us meets danger face to face. Among our most humdrum or most sophisticated emotions fear may rise up like a savage in the midst of civilization, primitive, violent, relentless. It assumes varying forms, from the primary fear of death and pain implanted in us by nature to that mysterious fear of sin, of spiritual disaster for ourselves or for others, which is the Spirit's gift, our deepest hell and our divinest heritage. There is the fear of failure in work, fear of becoming a burden through sickness, fear of the decay of old age, fear of poverty, of injustice, of cruelty, fear of death's separations and loneliness. Fear unresisted leads to sanatoriums and insane asylums. Fear as a phenomenon is analyzed by the psychologist, described by the novelist, painted by the artist. Man's superstitions are born of fear, and his philosophies recognize that he is afraid.

Release from terror is counted among our most beautiful experiences. The lost is restored. The child rises from sickness. The prodigal returns to his father's house. The

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soldier at the front hears that his daughter is safe. The lover or son comes home from war to a woman's arms. How brilliant then is our day of gladness after the night of terror! Sometimes a yellow telegram, torn open in a second of time, lifts us from hell to heaven. Sometimes the day breaks more slowly, a few birds sing hopefully, a faint rose paints the sky, and then in warmth and radiance blooms the morning of our joy. But this blessedness is not bravery. One is life's occasional guerdon, perhaps undeserved. The other is a quality of our own. Back there in the night it met fear in mortal combat. Its victory was independent of our fortune. The child may die, the soldier may never come home, and yet fear is trampled under foot while from the soul's ramparts floats the flag of courage. This courage, universal, dramatic, creative, illumines the "sombre scroll of history," burns in music and poetry, and lends an aureole to our diurnal round.

Now as we look back upon some victory we are able to see that it lay in the substitution for those lesser desires which breed fear of a larger and fuller passion. Fears shrivel as we contemplate a purpose or standard or ideal beyond our own fortunes. Such an ideal may vary with the individual or with his crisis, but in time of public stress and danger practically all of us become united in some mighty emotion in which our little terrors lose their very being. Today it is patriotism which is generating courage in millions of men and women. Always among free peoples it has been a principle of power and beauty. Those who are scornful of it in their plea for internationalism fail to see that while, in some far off time, the world may become as intimately dear to us as the land that gave us birth, yet here and now love of country is higher than love of self, a powerful rescuer from the idols of our own caves.

Patriotism obviously is not a principle confined to times of war, to those who give their blood or their substance or their beloved to preserve the physical or the spiritual life of their country. The explorer who wants to plant his country's flag at one of the poles of the earth, the scientist or the poet who consecrates his laurels on his country's altar may be as ardent a patriot as can be found in our armies. And, further still, in times of outward peace, when the actual flag no longer floats above our doorway, this noble emotion may win the victory over many a private fear, lift many an

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obscure heart to unseen grandeur. True patriotism is the measurement of all a citizen's acts by the standards set by his country in her greatest hours, the raising of his separate life to meet the life which she has wrought out of the goodness and the courage of all her children. We thus become

> . . . the pith and marrow of a Nation
> Drawing force from all her men,
> Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
> For her time of need, and then
> Pulsing it again through them,
> Till the basest can no longer cower,
> Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall
> Touched but in her passing by her mantle-hem.

There never was a truer citizen of our own nation than a little child—a girl at that—who entered the dark and empty rooms of which she felt afraid. "I repeat to myself"—she explained—"'the land of the free and the home of the brave,' and then I march in."

So throughout the course of history the great traditions of country and of race have evoked courage in dark night and abysmal dread. "Be British, my men," the captain of the *Titanic* called out at the height of danger, knowing that this reminder to England's seamen would ensure the prior safety of the weak and helpless. In the trap of Thermopylæ Sparta's law inspired Leonidas and his band to glorious martyrdom:

> Here we their orders obeyed, here we are lying in death.

When the Athenians were at war Pericles recalled to them their *habit* of courage, a courage, he believed, not enforced by law but born of their passion for their city. "Fix your eyes upon her until you become filled with love of her"—so he urged at the burial service of the first dead—"and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, remember that she was made by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it."

From the traditions of race it is but a step to those of all humanity. Of every courageous act we are the heirs. Our heritage waits only to be claimed. A young Russian Jew who in college elected Greek—disregarding its "uselessness"—and read the Defence of Socrates, said to his instructor: "I came into this class afraid to die. Now I am not afraid." When Socrates before his judges acted on

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his belief that he "ought not to do anything common or mean when in danger," and when he drank the hemlock with dignity and serenity, he set in motion waves of courage which, spreading far from his country's shores, have washed away fear from many human souls. So from all countries and all ages we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. History, literature, the day's newspaper, the observation of our nearest neighbors in village or city, all these declare unto us the power of some idea over the shrinking will, the triumph of courage born of a noble passion over terror spawned by the littleness of self.

But it is now that Fear, in the desperation of approaching defeat, turns to her last weapon. Mocking and sneering comes the question: who am I to know the glorious passions of the brave? In danger, in suffering, in sorrow I shall be entrapped within myself. The moral paradox of being afraid of cowardice often serves as a theme for fiction, but it may become for us all a grim reality.

Distrust of our own courage is Fear's last weapon—her foul and poisonous gas poured out to blind and strangle.

Against this assault have men devised any protection? In the experience of the race has there been discovered a certitude from which our fighting powers may draw stability?

Courage—as the Stoics pointed out—is a primitive virtue. If fire was the Promethean gift to the first mortals, courage was the prerequisite enabling them to use it. Man's progress has depended on his being courageous enough to do new things, think new thoughts, undergo new perils. His rise in the scale from savage to world's master might be recorded in terms of his victory over his terror of nature, of his gods, and of his fellow-men. But in this rise he has purified his primitive virtues, coming nearer to their source and transmitting more of its quality and energy. The courage of the brute and the courage of the hero are separated from each other by the length and breadth of that moral world which has been created by intelligence. It is within this world that we must look for the establishment of faith in our own bravery.

Neither Greek philosophy nor Christianity—which between them contain the highest ethical thought as yet known to our western civilization—make any great point of courage. Paul did not include it among the "fruits of the

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spirit," Plato was more concerned with justice and Zeno with wisdom. But the courage of Socrates glorified Platonism and the Stoicism of the noblest Romans often culminated in an austere heroism. Perhaps it is our familiarity with the life of Rome that has led us to consider courage a pagan rather than a Christian quality. Since our school-days Roman virtue—*virtus*—has been known to us as courage. And yet in the Roman Empire, wrought of blood and iron, Christianity made headway and finally conquered only through the surpassing courage of its earliest followers and missionaries. Paul acknowledged that he often faced his work in weakness and in fear and in much trembling. And yet onward he went, preaching the crucified Christ in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils on the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Peter shivered and cowered, in one black hour before the dawn, within a Jewish doorway in the presence of a few underlings. He even sank so low as to deny his friend and master. And yet this same Peter, washed clean by tears, carried Christ throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia Minor, Bithynia, and finally to the gates of Rome. He who had trembled for his life before a handful of provincial officers in his martyr's death defied an Empire. The apocalyptic vision of the early Christian church beheld the "fearful" along with the "abominable" of every kind in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. Followers of Peter and Paul faced savage beasts, cruel flames, and every species of torture devised by the brutal Roman, for the sake of bearing witness to their faith. History shows no such succession of heroic acts among the ordinary, the obscure and the lowly as those which perpetuated a religion of love in an empire of power and pride.

It is obvious that these Christians were made brave by a great passion. But what lay beyond this?

Although the ordinary paganism of Greece and Rome was based on self-confidence, the philosophies of the intellectuals admitted as clearly as Christianity ever did the struggle in man's nature between good and evil. So Socrates and Paul, both of whom—separated by centuries and religions—crowned unusual physical endurance with superb moral fortitude, would have agreed in representing courage

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as the reply of our higher nature to cowardice which is a suggestion from the lower. This point of view is also a common one. "The revolt of our baser nature," a young soldier of France called a momentary weakening of the will before battle. "I did everything that I was afraid to do" —so a woman explained her victory over nervous depression—"*I refused to submit to blackmail.*" Now the Platonist argued that the inward man, deriving strength from a clear perception of the Absolute Good, was bound to conquer the inward beast. The Stoic believed that the "wise" man, having "something in him which is as it were a God," could not fail to behave in a god-like way. The Christian of the New Testament had faith in the "power of the Spirit." He alone regarded this power as independent of the "wisdom of the wise" and the "understanding of the prudent." When I am weak, then am I strong, he proclaimed in an audacious and magnificent paradox.

His certitude rested upon the experience of a person, and hence passed from the isolation of philosophy to the continuous fecundity of life. He forces us, after two thousand years, to examine his faith. Is it, indeed, true that our protection against fear waits only to be claimed in a supreme heritage?

The most fruitful heroism of history, the act of courage which changed the very course of civilization and put a new kind of man into the world, was preceded by hours of terrible fear. Golgotha had its prelude in Gethsemane. Always Jesus had shown a beautiful comprehension of the fears of simple people. During the years in Nazareth, when he lived with Joseph who worked hard to make a living for the growing family, and with Mary who spent herself for her husband and children, he saw at home and among his friends and neighbors the shadows of anxiety, of sickness, of sorrow. When he entered into his larger field he saw nothing different, not even in the capital city of Jerusalem. As he went about all the cities and villages and saw the multitude he was "moved with compassion on them because they fainted." For these men and women, subjects of a foreign Power, patriotism was of no avail. When their boys were drawn into the Roman legions—like the subject aliens in European armies today—fathers and mothers had to look elsewhere for their courage. But to *all* who labored and were heavy laden Jesus offered the release of a passion

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operating alike in bond and free. Be of good cheer, his spirit called to theirs, as he went about helping the poor and anxious, the lonely, the sorrowful and the sick. It was as if, seeing that their multiform terrors flowed out from the temporal, like glaciers spreading from one awful summit, he directed their vision upward to the eternal, a supra-mundane Sun in whose conquering rays all fears are dissolved. As for himself, he knew, obviously, a dread far beyond their narrow experience. In his work was at stake a vast principle. Proportionate to his love for all men was his fear that they would reject his gift. And upon his near horizon loomed death, in no one of its tranquil guises, but at its wildest. When the hour approached he must have been overwhelmed by the sense of external and immediate defeat. He fell upon his knees in an agony. His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground. Here lies humanity bruised and bleeding on the rack of fear.

But the Son of Man rose from his knees and walked forth to meet what he had feared: betrayal from the friend he had loved, mockery from the multitude he had pitied, injustice from the government he had obeyed, death from the world he had sought to save. It is significant that, among the recorders of his life and death, the one who best understood him omitted all mention of the hour of suffering. He obliterated it, as the master himself would have done, from any permanent place in a record of spiritual experience. It was a mere levy of blackmail by the flesh, spurned and scorned by the spirit's divinity. This disciple's story of the garden begins with the courage of Jesus as he stepped forward to meet his enemies. And it is immediately preceded by the record of his last talks with his friends in which, with words like tongues of flame, like streams of living water, he declared unto them that the son of man is the son of God.

Such is the decision of Christianity. Trouble is near. Terrors for myself, for my beloved, for my country, for this tortured world, gape upon me with their mouths as a ravening and a roaring lion. Fear whispers: Your loves, your traditions, your faiths and visions, all will fail you. My soul makes answer: God is within me. He shall not fail.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

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WORDSWORTH AND ANNETTE

BY HARRY T. BAKER

THE publication for the first time, in Professor Harper's recent biography, of the facts in the case of Wordsworth's *liaison,* in his twenty-second year, with a young French woman throws a vivid light on the asceticism of his poetry and on its neglect of the passion of love. That asceticism, it becomes evident, was not natural; it was studiously cultivated. His previous biographers had agreed that in early youth he was moody and passionate, subject to whims and sudden enthusiasms. He seems to have been as much in sympathy with the spirit of the French Revolution as Byron or Shelley; and he was old enough, at its beginning, to evaluate it as they could not. His revulsion, after the Reign of Terror and the ascendancy of Napoleon, was due not merely to the failure of revolution without but to the traitorous emotions within his own breast. After spending something more than a year in France, he was suddenly recalled, in December, 1792, or January, 1793, by relatives—his parents were dead—who adopted the efficacious plan of stopping his allowance. Undoubtedly they had learned of his entanglement with Annette, daughter of a French Royalist; and, whether Wordsworth intended to marry her or no, he was prevented. For he had at this time neither occupation nor income.

The *Memoirs* by his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln, published shortly after the poet's death in 1850, explain Wordsworth's state of mind during this momentous period: "He was an orphan, young, inexperienced, impetuous, enthusiastic, with no friendly voice to guide him, in a foreign country, and that country in a state of revolution. . . . The most licentious theories were propounded; all restraints were broken; libertinism was law. He was encompassed with strong temptations." Having gone so far, the Bishop

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makes, however, no further revelations. He excuses without telling why excuse was necessary. Oral tradition at Cambridge is said to have handed down the story; but it was apparently known to but few persons, and its authenticity was probably not established. Hence the conspiracy of silence, if one may venture to call it that, which prevailed from 1793 to 1916!

Annette had borne the poet a daughter, Caroline; and in a sonnet of 1802, *It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free,* she is addressed in the line,

> Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,

a line previously thought by critics to refer to his sister Dorothy. In view of the passage which follows, clearly descriptive of the mind of a young child (Dorothy was about thirty years old), the absurdity of such a reference is obvious:

> If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
> Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
> And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
> God being with thee when we know it not.

This has a pretty close relation to the central thought of the famous ode, *Intimations of Immortality:* that the young child is nearer to Truth, to God, than the man.

Both mother and daughter had been referred to more than once by name, in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal;* but they had apparently not excited the curiosity of readers. Wordsworth did not marry until 1802. About three months before the event he and Dorothy went to Calais to meet Annette and Caroline; and it was then that he wrote the sonnet to his daughter—for whom he evidently cherished an affection which makes one curious to learn of her subsequent career. What Annette's attitude to the proposed marriage to Mary Hutchinson was it is impossible to ascertain; but there is probably something significant in Dorothy's remark in her *Journal,* under date of March 22, 1802, seven months before the ceremony: "A rainy day. Wm. very poorly. 2 letters from Sara [Hutchinson] and one from poor Annette." That Wordsworth's conscience was uneasy at this time seems to be proved by his subsequent visit to France. What became of Annette and the daughter Caroline is not recorded; but Mr. Harper mentions that the

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mother was later known as Madame Vallon. This is in itself no proof, however, that she ever married. In default of full evidence it is difficult either to attack or to defend Wordsworth. His relatives may have been responsible for the separation in 1792; but Wordsworth's marriage to Mary Hutchinson would seem to leave something to be explained. And Dorothy's "poor Annette," though capable of more than one interpretation, does not cause one to rest wholly satisfied with her brother's course. Mary Hutchinson, it should be added, is said to have been told the truth about Annette.

Wordsworth's detestation of Byron and Byronism, then, may well have had some root in his own Byronic period of youthful unrestraint and random impulse. His lines in the *Ode to Duty,* written in 1805, are profoundly significant:

> Me this unchartered freedom tires;
> I feel the weight of chance-desires.

Equally significant is his admonition, in the poem *To the Sons of Burns,* written in 1803:

> But ne'er to a seductive lay
> Let faith be given;
> Nor deem that "light that leads astray,
> Is light from Heaven."

The quotation in the last two lines is, of course, from one of Burns' own poems. The application to Wordsworth's early passion is as clear as is the attitude which he later seems to have taken to that passion—and to Annette. None of his published poems appears to have been addressed to her; for surely the Lucy group, written in 1799, goes back to an earlier love, and a more spiritual one, in England. If there is autobiographical value in these, she died suddenly, in the very flush of youth and beauty:

> And few could know
> When Lucy ceased to be;
> But she is in her grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me!

The poignancy of the poet's grief makes it probable that this poem, *She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways,* and its companion, *A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal,* were recollections of reality.

At some later period Wordsworth planned to write a

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love poem, apparently of some length; but he gave it up for a reason which, in the light of the Annette episode, becomes illuminating. "I feared," he said, "that I might write it with a degree of warmth which could hardly have been approved by my principles, and which might have been undesirable for the reader." One of his biographers, Professor Winchester, dryly comments: "Most readers, I judge, will decide that he might have taken that risk with perfect safety." And so they might, but for Mr. Harper's revelations, which make it clear that the poet was right in suspecting himself of possibilities of strong passion. Indeed, there is something very suggestive in another remark by Mr. Winchester: "There was a vein of asceticism in the man; he seemed a little afraid of all ardent passion, however pure." He *was* afraid; and this explains his reticence on the subject of love.

There is one hitherto neglected poem, nevertheless, which now takes on "something of angelic light." It is, strangely enough, the one concerning which Arnold said: "I can read with pleasure and edification *Peter Bell,* and the whole series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets,* and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the *Thanksgiving Ode;*—everything of Wordsworth, I think, except *Vaudracour and Julia.*" Professor A. C. Bradley, writing before Mr. Harper's discoveries, says: "The following lines from *Vaudracour and Julia* make one wonder how this could be to Arnold the only poem of Wordsworth's that he could not read with pleasure:

> Arabian fiction never filled the world
> With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
> Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
> Life turned the meanest of her implements,
> Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
> The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
> Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
> The portals of the dawn; all paradise
> Could, by the simple opening of a door,
> Let itself in upon him:—pathways, walks,
> Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
> Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
> Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
> To its dull round of ordinary cares;
> A man too happy for mortality!

This poem, though not published until 1820—and there is

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probably significance in the delay—was written in 1805. There can be little doubt that it is based upon the Annette episode. Indeed, Mr. Harper professes to see in it "an account of the reasons for their separation." This, however, is probably to consider it too curiously.

The opening lines, which Mr. Bradley does not adduce, show unmistakably that 1792 was the Romeo-and-Juliet period of Wordsworth's life, a period when "the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand" seems more important than the revolutions of empires:

> O happy time of youthful lovers (thus
> My story may begin), O balmy time,
> In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
> Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!

This is not the mild William we knew. His genius has suffered a sea change. There is something almost Shakespearean in the passage which Mr. Bradley quotes. It "gives a very echo to the seat where love is throned." Let no one say, after reading these two passages, that Wordsworth could not write love poetry. He must have deliberately suppressed his tendency to it. His passion for woman became a passion for nature. But how illuminating is Lowell's comment, which, though applied to himself, has an even deeper application to Wordsworth:

> Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
> *Thet love her'z though she wuz a woman;*
> Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
> But half forgives my bein' human.

The "very ecstasy of love"—whether sane or no—had been diverted into a religious exaltation of nature. There never was nature poetry like Wordsworth's before. Passion, "like a right gipsy", had beguiled him to the very heart of loss; but in the mountain solitudes he had found his soul again.

In yet another poem of his maturity, *Surprised by Joy —Impatient As the Wind,* written in 1812 or later and published in 1815, Wordsworth probably refers, as Professor Herford has suggested, to the Lucy of his early years. Written on the death of his daughter Catherine—the poet himself states this in a prefatory note—its concluding lines

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are nevertheless a piercing reminiscence of an ideal affection in youth:

> That thought's return
> Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
> Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
> Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
> That neither present time, nor years unborn
> Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

The lyric intensity of this is rare in Wordsworth's poetry—whether he is writing on love, on nature, or on humble life. This is indeed, to use his own phrase, "emotion recollected in tranquillity." It is perhaps the last evidence of that subterraneous fire which he austerely strove to quench. Having once confused passion with love, he ever afterward dreaded the flame.

"From the *Lyrical Ballads,*" declared Hazlitt petulantly, "it does not appear that men eat or drink, marry or are given in marriage." And the *Ballads* were published in 1798. In that year the youthful Byron had just entered into his lordship at ten, the jocund candles of the French Revolution had burnt out and there was no "Promethean heat" that could their light relume! Burnt out, too, forever, were the Revolutionary flames in young Mr. Wordsworth's breast. Thereafter he dedicated himself to nature, and to peasantry against the solemn background of hills and sky. Solitude became his favorite word—that solitude from whose bright marge he escaped so often into infinity. But he did not, in the bitterness of his disillusion, cry out with Antony,

> I am so lated in the world that I
> Have lost my way forever.

And, seldom as he expressed it in his later poetry, he must sometimes have felt that struggle to escape into infinity through love, a struggle which Browning describes so admirably:

> I yearn upward, touch you close,
> Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
> Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the rose
> And love it more than tongue can speak—
> Then the good minute goes. . . .
> Only I discern
> Infinite passion, and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn.

In that delightful essay, *On Going a Journey,* Hazlitt

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expresses the life creed of many a young Revolutionist of 1789: "The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases." Byron puts it in equivalent phrase:

I would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

So felt Wordsworth in his Byronic and Hazlittian period; and "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." But Byron and Hazlitt never achieved self-discipline; they gloried in clinging to that crude Revolutionary ardor. It was Wordsworth who, coming to regard life mainly as a matter of "plain living and high thinking", wrote, in his great period from 1798 to 1808, verses of which one of his greatest critics, Leslie Stephen, says: "Other poetry becomes trifling when we make our passages through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; Wordsworth's alone retains its power." In the midst of a military conflict which dwarfs that of Napoleon, how salutary to remember that verdict now. Wordsworth had gone down into the depths of emotion; he had not succumbed; and he had brought up permanent comfort to mankind. Like Shakespeare and like Browning, he made poetry "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." And it was in some measure the spiritual upheaval of his early years that perfected his maturer verses. He who would understand Wordsworth must remember the prophecy of his mother, who was taken from him in his childhood. "The only one of her five children," says the poet himself, "about whose future life she was anxious was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable, either for good or for evil. The cause of this was that I was of a stiff, moody, and violent temper." No placid and unpassionate person could have produced, not merely the Lucy poems and the great passage in *Vaudracour and Julia,* but *Tintern Abbey* and *Intimations of Immortality.* Wordsworth came trailing clouds of glory to his quiet refuge on Rydal Mount.

HARRY T. BAKER.

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DRAMA AND MUSIC

THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY AND ITS MEMORABLE SINGING AND ACTING

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

TEN years ago the opera-going public of New York was asking itself, with some bewilderment and not a little irritation, why it was compelled to travel to the jungles of West Thirty-fourth Street in order to hear the most important lyric-dramas composed since the death of Wagner, and many of the ablest singing-actors then alive, while one of the great opera-houses of the world was contemporaneously open for business and running full blast on Broadway. That golden age of the immortal Hammerstein came to a lamented end. Yet here among us today it is, in many of its essential features, miraculously resurrected before our eyes and ears; and again we are asking ourselves, with increased bewilderment and a little more irritation, why it is that, with the same great and abundantly favored Institution still open for business and running full-blast in our operatic midst, we are compelled to journey to inaccessible urban purlieus in order to hear:

(*Imprimis*) the greatest opera of the last quarter-century, and the chief glory of the lyric stage in France;

(*Item*) a group of the most popularly beloved music-dramas of our time;

(*Item*) the most gifted and versatile singing-actress now living;

(*Item*) the most applauded coloratura singer now living;

(*Item*) the only tenor now living who has commanding excellence both as singer and actor;

(*Item*) a half-dozen other singers who are extraordinarily distinguished and able in both the French and Italian repertories.

These are puzzling questions, and we shall not pretend

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to answer them. It is not, indeed, our business to answer them, even if we knew what the answers are. But every public commentator who is aware of the best that the lyric stage is capable of yielding knows that it *is* his business to ask, and to continue to ask, as long as so preposterous a situation exists. Under present conditions, we are dependent upon the kindly ministrations of an out-of-town organization for many of the richest satisfactions which the operatic stage of our time affords; and that, in the circumstances of our case, is clearly absurd.

But even a limited repast is better than continual deprivation; and so there is not an opera-lover in New York who is not immensely in the debt of Cleofonte Campanini and his Chicago Opera Company, from those who are made happy by hearing again the incomparable *Pelléas et Mélisande* of Debussy to those whose cup of joy is filled to the brim by the captivating procedures of Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci. So we have all been happy, and delightedly applausive, and perhaps have made glad the heart of Mr. Campanini and his indulgent associates to an extent sufficient to persuade them again to come East and comfort us in our provincialism, reminding us that New York is not, after all, the operatic capital of America.

What are our particular causes for satisfaction and happiness in the Chicago company's too brief stay among us? Well, they are not few. We are happy, first (that is, many of us are), because a shamefully neglected masterwork has been restored to the experience of those who loved it and fought for it when, a decade ago, it was esteemed only by a forlorn minority of æsthetic adventurers, who now have the gratification of seeing a formerly undervalued work of rare beauty and genius win at once a public that has finally caught up to it.

Ten years ago we said, speaking of *Pelléas et Mélisande,* that it seemed to us certain that the extraordinary importance of this score as a work of art would compel "an ever-widening appreciation"; because Debussy, looking at these audaciously innovating pages of his, could say with Coventry Patmore, "I have respected posterity." If posterity may be said to foreshadow itself within ten years' time, Debussy has been justified of his presumptive faith in it. The veterans who battled for this work a decade ago, when it was new and, to many, perplexing and futile, should not

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be denied their present moment of complacency at the memory of that overflowing and deeply moved audience at the Lexington Theatre the other day which, after the heart-shaking Fourth Act of *Pelléas et Mélisande,* paid so obviously heart-felt a tribute to the genius of Debussy and the eloquence of his interpreters.

As for the impression made by this score, after its long seclusion, upon those who felt its spell in the beginning, let it be said merely that its greatness seemed more certain and secure than ever. As time goes on, it will be less and less needful to insist that this music is the product of one of the most exquisite and scrupulous spirits in the history of art. It is steeped in beauty—beauty of a profoundly original kind; it is saturated in poetic mood; it is fashioned with unchallengeable mastery. Since the enthralling and sovereign voice of Richard Wagner was stilled, none other has spoken out of modern music with so haunting and magical a blend of loveliness and emotion, with such potency of suggestion, with an accent so enchanting and unique.

The exhibition of this unparalleled lyric-drama was the most impressive achievement of the Chicago company's season in New York. Few that witnessed it will forget the indescribable Mélisande of Miss Mary Garden —now, as ten years ago, one of the two or three perfect things on the contemporary stage. It was unapproachable then: today it is so superlative in its beauty and puissance that it leaves this amazing artist securely placed among the supreme poetic tragedians of the theatre. A Pelléas new to New York, M. Alfred Maguenat, was sincere and impassioned, a figure of touching simplicity and ardor, grave, youthful, nobly romantic. The Golaud of M. Dufranne has always been a superb conveyance; it is still matchless. An admirable Arkel was M. Huberdeau, and the Geneviève of Louise Berat, new to New York, sufficed. M. Marcel Charlier's conducting caused one to long for the memorable insight of Cleofonte Campanini into the secrets of this score. M. Charlier was perhaps misled by the fact that he was confronting music of half-lights and misty contours and shadowy perspectives, and fancied that the right way to deal with it was to smudge it; not realizing that with such music the utmost clarity and precision are essential. He seemed to think that mystical speech must necessarily be blurred and veiled—a common error.

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Some inspired moron in the Dark Ages of musical criticism once spoke of the personages in Debussy's opera as "stammering phantoms"; M. Charlier is too sensitive an artist to share permanently a kindred delusion.

We have dwelt upon this revival of *Pelléas* by the Chicago company because it will long remain unforgettable; it was by all odds the finest accomplishment of Mr. Campanini's organization in New York, and would have justified their visit thrice over if they had done nothing else. That they *did* do several other things is abundantly known to the public.

For example, there was Mme. Galli-Curci, generally regarded as the brightest gem in Mr. Campanini's casket of jewels. Of course she is not that. As a lyric interpreter she is not to be named in the same breath with Mary Garden, for while she deals superlatively with trivial material, Miss Garden deals superlatively with great material. Until the violinist who plays exquisitely some pyrotechnical rubbish by Paganini is ranked as the equal of a violinist who can interpret exquisitely the Brahms concerto, it will be fatuous to regard the most applauded achievements of such singers as Mme. Galli-Curci as anything more artistically consequential than a dazzling kind of tonal prestidigitation. It is a difficult and delicate art to balance a chair on one's chin; it is a difficult and delicate art to negotiate the "Mad Scene" in *Lucia*. It must not be forgotten that it is because Mme. Galli-Curci can trill in the neighborhood of high C a few seconds longer than most of her competitors that the operatic public forms in line three blocks away at four o'clock in the afternoon to be among those present when she does it. The much more important fact that Mme. Galli-Curci can sing legato phrases with loveliness of line and color is not the fact that sold out the Lexington Theatre at all her appearances. The fact that hers is a voice of delicious quality—limpid and fresh and sweet in the ear—would not of itself draw fifty people to the box-office at her appearances. Her technique is not impeccable; nevertheless, she is a captivating artist, sensitive in the projection of beautiful tone and the shaping of melodic design. She has dramatic skill. She is admirably simple and genuine in temperament, and altogether engaging as a singing-actress. But let us, for the sake of honesty in our attitude toward the operatic stage, be candid with ourselves in this

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matter: If Mme. Galli-Curci were forbidden to sing above the staff, forbidden to disport herself in the florid idiocies of the bravura passages in *Lucia* and *Dinorah;* if she were compelled to abjure record-breaking trills and all other vocal embroidery engrossing merely because of its difficulty; if she were confined to the musico-dramatic interpretation of great parts instead of playing with such antiquated operatic dolls as Lucia and Gilda and Dinorah—would she have created the excitement she has? She performs very beautifully indeed music that is not worth performing at all. We are glad Mr. Campanini has her in his dazzling collection. But we are much gladder that he has Miss Garden; and Lucien Muratore, an insurpassable artist in his field; and Rosa Raisa, a dramatic soprano of irresistible emotional force; and such masters of histrionic singing as Dufranne and Baklanoff and Dalmores.

It has been a rare pleasure to hear again Charpentier's *Louise* and Massenet's *Juggler,* which are so beloved of our public that they have been carefully excluded from the repertoire of our local Institution—on the principle, no doubt, that it is unwise to indulge the popular taste when it leans away from easily provided satisfactions.

Mr. Campanini permitted us also to hear several novelties. Of these the most interesting was Sylvio Lazzari's *Le Sauteriot.* M. Lazzari is an Austrian by birth, an Italian by parentage, a Frenchman by adoption. The text of *Le Sauteriot* was contrived by Henri Roché and Martial Perrier after a play by E. de Keyserling. Its literary quality is immeasurably above the average, and certain scenes have charm; occasionally there is deep poetic feeling. As a whole, however, it is diffuse, it is loosely articulated, it is much too long, and a good deal of it is, on the stage, dull and ineffective—for example, the greater part of the first act. Ruthlessly condensed, rewritten with a more realistic eye to dramatic values, it might be made a touching and admirable thing.

And M. Lazzari's music would be helped by courageous deletions. Surely he cannot be unaware of the amazing extent to which he has helped himself from the score of *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Almost every one, these days, is permitted to admire Debussy in this convenient and practical way; but M. Lazzari is altogether too bland in his apparent assumption that he can saturate his music in essence-of-*Pelléas* and

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get away with it successfully in a community that, musically, is not altogether simple-minded. M. Lazzari has feeling and dramatic instinct, and, on the whole, fine taste; but we beseech him to stop leaning on his confrère, to stand manfully on his own legs and sing bravely his own songs, if he has any to sing—and we think he has. This score of his has beauty and passion; if it were less obviously derivative, we should have high hopes of him. At all events, Mr. Campanini is to be praised for letting us hear it in the very effective performance achieved (under the composer's direction) at the Lexington Theatre.

We have also added to our mental furnishings, thanks to Mr. Campanini (and to the truly magnificent Miss Rosa Raisa as heroine), an experience of Mascagni's *Isabeau,* an opera which, though composed a decade ago, was unknown to New York. There is opportunity now for only a word concerning this composition; but it should at least be recorded without postponement that, though hampered by an incoherent and clumsy libretto,—based by Luigi Illica upon the legend of Lady Godiva's spectacular canter,—Mascagni has been able to produce a score written with dignity, with largeness of utterance, with refinement of craftsmanship. *Isabeau* sets his capacities in a new light. It lacks high distinction; it has many dull and barren intervals; but at its best it holds and imposes.

A new American opera has been staged for us by Mr. Campanini: Mr. Henry Hadley's *Azora.* It was amiable and commendable of Mr. Campanini to go to the very considerable trouble of mounting *Azora*—if mediocre operas *must* be given merely because they are American. But we are not going to discuss *Azora;* for we prefer to conclude this thank-offering to the Chicago Opera Company upon a note of unsullied gratitude.

Sirs and Madams from Chicago, we of New York salute you. You have immeasurably enriched the winter of our operatic discontent.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FRANCO-AMERICAN MEDITATIONS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is a difficult mission that Pierre de Lanux undertakes in his *Young France and New America,* and one is not merely reciprocating M. de Lanux's own exquisite amiability in saying that only a Frenchman could have done it without tactlessness. An Englishman would have been condescending; a Japanese would have been naïvely inept; a Russian would have been uncomprehending; an Italian would have been graciously fatuous. But M. de Lanux is a Frenchman; therefore he knows how to commend without the suggestion of patronage, and how to indicate shortcomings without offense. That is to say, he is a natural funambulist—his feats of interpretive balancing and critical wariness are accomplished without apparent effort and with a delightful absence of anxiety: you never feel that he is triumphing over any fear of the rapids beneath him—for him, you like to fancy, the rapids have been forgotten rather than heroically put out of mind. Yet that there *are* rapids beneath him, threatening and highly dangerous ones, is apparent from the most cursory glance at M. de Lanux's "Foreword" (we wish, by the way, that he had not acquired this pompous affectation of literary America, where no one any longer is content to write a simple "Preface").

What has M. de Lanux attempted in *Young France and New America?* "To define and to sum up," he says, "the possibilities which Franco-American relations will offer tomorrow on intellectual as well as on concrete grounds," concentrating especially on "the results of coöperation be-

[1] *Young France and New America,* by Pierre de Lanux. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1918.

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tween elements of the younger generation of both countries." This book is written "for the young men and women of America who are interested in the present life of France." It embodies the reflections of a Frenchman who spent the year 1917 in America.

At first blush, this sounds as if we were promised nothing more illuminating than the familiar compliments of Ambassadorial banquets, the reciprocal flub-dub of international amicability that has stereotyped the after-dinner oratory of a thousand Franco-American gatherings. How well we all know those ancient *clichés!* . . . "Common interpretation of republican principles . . . Love for country and for freedom . . . The friendship of the two Republics . . ." But M. de Lanux is too urgent a realist to come before us mouthing these desiccated platitudes. He has more pointed and definite things to say, a new kind of interchange to propose. After all of our old reasons for mutual understanding, he says, there exist now new and more powerful reasons. Chief among the new values which will be born from the present upheaval there is, for the French and ourselves, "the realization of common standards in life"; above all, there is to be recognized and justly appraised "the value of mutual knowledge between the youth of France and America." M. de Lanux perceives that the old generalities, the old hands-across-the-sea symbolizations, had lost, long before the war, whatever contact with reality they once possessed: he perceives that new and fresh interpretations, made with the eye on the object, patterned upon reality by internationalists of delicate intuition and richly sympathetic imagination, must be substituted for them, if the younger generation in "the two Republics" is to be persuaded to the accomplishment of fruitful contacts.

How is this intellectual and spiritual interchange to be brought about, and what results are to be hoped for from it?

Looking about him in America, M. de Lanux finds us divisible into two broad categories, having practically nothing in common save the name "American," and "ideals which have never had an opportunity to appear to be common." First, there are the families who lived here in the time of the Civil War, "mostly of English, Irish, Dutch, and French descent." Second, there are those who have arrived here since—chiefly Germans, Slavs, Jews, Italians,

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Syrians, etc. It is M. de Lanux's theory that this latter and unamalgamated element will be made an organic part of us by the shedding of their blood in our common cause: "when they have given their blood, the last difference between you, which rested in an unequal experience, will be swept out, because they will have shared the greatest experience of your civic life." This is "the capital fact of the present evolution."

From this united and harmonized America M. de Lanux anticipates the more efficient exercise of certain virtues which he confidently attributes to us: our freedom from "old prejudices and methods," our "tendency to settle things according to elementary human right." And, further, he expects from us "some great artistic revelations." We shall soon be ready for "creation," and "already some splendid isolated works are showing the way."

What, then, do we need that France can give us, and with what can we recompense France? Let us traverse hurriedly (of necessity) some of our generous ambassador's deprecations and recommendations.

Are not, he asks, "some disputable forms of success" still pursued by us, "at the cost of happiness, health, and life itself, by men and women of rich resource who kill in themselves all possibility for deep, personal, original life"? They are, dear Sir, they are. But let us not dwell upon that undeniable, disconcerting, and somewhat over-familiar indictment; let us seek some fresh illumination. Here it is, perhaps: We are to benefit by the French tendency to criticise—"a certain intellectual, critical, negative tendency, which too easily turns into mockery": the faculty "to which the best of us [the French] owe their sense of proportion and the clear thinking for which they are noted." This is to act upon "the opposite faculty" possessed by Americans: "a positive, enterprising tendency to go after immediate results, embarrassed by very few hesitations." Now if we can agree, says M. de Lanux, to combine French craft, skill, science and critical deliberation with our own audacity, our "passion for visible and immediate results," little will remain beyond our reach. Thus it appears that the element in the French character which explains, says M. de Lanux, certain French failings—that "critical, negative tendency" which he exhibits—at the same time offers the best hope for coöperation between the youth of Amer-

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ica and France. He means, it would appear, that *we* are to benefit by acquiring a habit of scrutiny and deliberation and self-examination, while *they* are to benefit by an infection of audacity and a "passion for immediate results."

We beg to protest that all this seems to us a darkening of counsel, chiefly because, as M. de Lanux states it without qualification, it isn't so. It is far more a French trait than it is an American trait to undertake new experiments, to explore and test new intellectual territory. We do not speak as one having authority—we are not a Frenchman. We bring into court one whose authority is indisputable: M. Pierre de Lanux himself. Hear him contradict himself: "France is a well-spring of creative power, a land of spiritual, scientific, and social experiments and experiences." In the face of this, it is unnecessary to observe that France is hardly in need of America's experimental impulse. If it *were* necessary, we should like to ask M. de Lanux if he has a vision of, let us say, M. Claude Debussy being inspired to new experiments in music by Professor Horatio W. Parker and Mr. Henry Hadley and Mr. Frederick S. Converse; M. Bergson being inspired to new meditations upon the inner life of man by the Rev. Dr. Hillis and the Rev. William Sunday; M. Francis Jammes being inspired to new poetic experiments by our excellent and indispensable American *Vers-libristes;* M. Paul Claudel sitting expectantly at the feet of the dramatic muse of Mr. Percy Mackaye. We are not attempting to set off equals against one another: we are merely assembling, for the sake of inciting suggestive reflection, a group of types. Alas, M. de Lanux, America suffers not from an excess of abundant creative life and positive endeavor in the regions of the intellect and the imagination, but rather from a lack of these things: our thinking and our feeling are too timid and formularized and traditional, rather than too audacious and experimental.

Undeserved rewards, said Meredith, are exquisite. But M. de Lanux is too generous; he is embarrassing. His trouble is that which beset Mr. W. W. Jacobs' old bargee—"too much affability: that's what's the matter with me," said the old bargee. And that's what's the matter with M. de Lanux. He seems honestly to love us, but he is wishing the wrong things on us. We do not need more self-consciousness and self-examination—the Pilgrim Fathers,

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God forgive them, attended to that for us. We need what, in his soberer and less post-prandial moments, M. de Lanux knows perfectly well that France can give us—the France for whom he answers, with loving veracity, in reply to his own question, "What does France mean?" And then we see that he knows as well as any of us what France means: She means, he answers, "the land of free invention, discussion, and experiment for social progress; a living laboratory, where every new principle is tried before being spread over the world." Those of her sons who today are fighting because they love France, have loved her, as he says, "because she meant that"—because, as we too are well aware, it is there that the gardens of the mind have gateways without number, and are flooded always with clear light.

The American soul, M. de Lanux, is at once a more naïve and a more wistful thing than the soul of France: it was born old, yet it has not yet grown up. But it is, in its own way, an incomparable thing, because of its passionate, unquenchable idealism; and to it there come, from time to time, noble thoughts, that pass across its depths and surfaces like great white birds. M. Maeterlinck himself, we think, would grant it; and so, with an even more generous alacrity, we believe, would our indulgent missionary from France.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

DEMOCRACY AFTER THE WAR. By J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

America is fighting for the preservation of democracy; but America is beginning to feel a trifle disquieted by doubt as to the possible effect of the war upon democracy itself. Are we, by any chance, ourselves drifting towards "Prussianism" in the sense, at least, of excessive centralization, or perhaps towards socialism, or even towards both at once?

Whatever one may think concerning these questions, one cannot rest in the comfortable supposition that democracy after the war will take care of itself. To say nothing of the difficulty of extending democratic principles so as to make them effective in international relations, it is obvious that we must look to democracy here at home. Shall we, after peace has been won, attempt to restore democracy to its original status, or shall we allow it to expand into something that looks rather more like State socialism than democracy as hitherto conceived?

The issues of the post-war period are already looming up. In order to define these issues—that is, in order to take the first step in understanding them—it is necessary to obtain a broad and penetrating analysis of the condition of society as it is at present. Such an analysis is furnished by the Englishman, J. A. Hobson, in his recently published book, *Democracy After the War*. Although Mr. Hobson's view is based upon British conditions, it is without doubt sufficiently broad to interest Americans.

Mr. Hobson is a forceful writer—searching in logic, vehement in style, disillusioned in thought. Like others who carry the psychological point of view into sociology, he is, indeed, somewhat inclined to be in his own way extreme. But he is neither pessimistic nor unfair. Without cynicism he admits and takes into consideration those ideal motives which join with economic forces in determining social and political conditions. Plainly, it is not his object to show that men are the slaves of economic laws and that all their supposedly higher motives—including patriotism—are but pretenses or delusions. Without bitterness, he attempts to point out the connection between "capitalism," or "improperty," and the other "enemies of democracy." It is evidently not his aim to prove the existence of a deliberate conspiracy upon the part of property owners against the welfare of the people, or to preach the necessity of a class war. It is enough for him to

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show that forces not in themselves wholly or necessarily evil do in fact coöperate through "a kind of instinctive cunning" to produce an evil result.

Mr. Hobson's account of society is, of course, nearly identical, so far as it concerns "improperty," with the Socialistic account; but it should not for this reason be hastily rejected as unscientific and doctrinaire. Possibly the difference between a reformed and chastened socialism and an expanded and fully developed democracy would not in the last analysis turn out to be fundamental. However this may be, it is clear that Mr. Hobson's analysis of society from the democratic point of view differs from all the cruder varieties of socialistic analysis in that it recognizes as the enemy of human welfare not capitalism merely, but reaction. According to Mr. Hobson's view the forces of reaction include imperialism, protectionism, militarism, legalism, "distracting emollients" (such as charity, sport, and drink), regulative socialism, conservatism, State absolutism, authoritarianism, and bureaucracy. All these apparently diverse influences and interests are in fact closely interlocked. But it is important to bear in mind that the "unholy alliance" of these forces is due only in a small degree to conscious, deliberate purpose. If *all* the members of the "alliance" should suddenly become aware that a deliberate purpose, or conspiracy, in fact existed, the whole structure would doubtless fall apart. But there is individual selfishness and there is unclear thinking; and these are sufficient to effect a practical combination.

This being the case, it is obvious, Mr. Hobson maintains, that the attack against reaction should not be leveled exclusively against "landlordism" or "improperty," since such an attack would be doomed to failure because of the powerful defences, political, moral, and intellectual, by which the enemy is encompassed. "Socialism has neither a concerted, feasible tactic, nor a sufficient number of able, trusted leaders in close intellectual and political agreement, nor a large enough body of enthusiastic, convinced, and indivisible followers." Hope, therefore, must be placed in the triumph of democracy—that is, in the complete control of the government by the people. This control, however, is evidently itself in large measure dependent upon the progress of educational reform, upon the true freedom of the press, and upon intelligent, concerted efforts directed against all the reactionary powers.

Specifically, Mr. Hobson's thesis is that after the end of the present war democracy in Great Britain will be in grave danger of a serious setback.

The danger will arise from the new economic situation and from the old international anarchy. It will be impossible, Mr. Hobson argues, to undo the work of State socialism which has been going on during the war. The same causes that made it necessary for the government to assume so wide a control over business and industry will render it impossible for the government suddenly to relinquish this control without plunging the country into economic disorder. For similar reasons, the government will retain its increased power of taxation. At the same time there will be a real necessity for increased productivity in all industries. Under these circumstances it is, in Mr. Hobson's view, inevitable that the forces of reaction will endeavor to gain control of the new machinery of the State. In internal

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affairs they will work for the adoption of a system not unlike that by which Germany has enslaved its working classes, but more liberal in appearance; to this end, they will use the need of increased productivity as a lever, and an elaborate programme of social legislation as a palliative. At the same time they will work against internationalism and in favor of a "close State."

Mr. Hobson's advice to British labor is clear and definite. Acquiesce in the demand for increased productiveness, he says in effect, but resist all efforts to shift the burden of taxation by "broadening its base," and oppose all policies tending to restrict expenditures for education and for economic developments. Do not be led into the snare of syndicalism or guild socialism, but endeavor to get control of the State. Above all, stand for internationalism and reject the doctrine of the "close State."

Democracy After the War is a significant and valuable book not merely because it points out a definite policy to be pursued in a situation that has been accurately forecast, but also, and especially, because, making use of all the strong points of the Socialist account of society, it draws from this account only such conclusions as are reconcilable with belief in democracy, and holds that other and more radical conclusions are inadmissible. Implied in the whole work, however, is the assumption that before democracy can wholly prevail, "improperty" must be abolished. If this is the case, democracy, as we at present understand it, is but a stage of evolution toward a form of socialism. On this point, it seems, more is implied in Mr. Hobson's analysis than is necessary for the support of his main conclusions, and more than most readers can readily bring themselves to accept.

To Arms. By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated from the French by Lucy H. Humphrey, with a preface by John Finley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1917.

Simply as expressing the spirit of France, Marcelle Tinayre's novel holds a strong appeal for American readers. The same spirit, however conveyed to us, would win our approval and admiration. News stories, books of social sketches, the personal reports of those who have coöperated with the French in various kinds of war work, all tell the same story concerning the essential worth, the remarkable adaptability, the splendid courage of the French people. We have not the least doubt, therefore, that the novel *To Arms* is essentially sincere and truthful, and that it calls for sympathetic appreciation upon just grounds.

But this does not quite amount to saying that *To Arms* is a great or even a good novel. On the contrary, one cannot escape the conclusion that the story is in no way big enough to serve as an adequate vehicle for its theme. Instead of seeing the war through the eyes of the persons of the story, instead of feeling its effects as they feel them, the reader constantly thinks of the war apart from the story; the novel

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thus becomes merely one of a number of discourses about the war, and is not, as it ought to be, an embodiment of patriotic feeling.

In structure, the story is very simple. Principally it describes the feelings of a young wife, ideally happy in her marriage, as the day approaches which is to deprive her of her husband perhaps forever. Madame Davesnes symbolizes the sacrifice of the good women of France. In her, as a peculiarly fine type, romantic love is blended with great firmness of character and with willingness for sacrifice. That tenderness, grace, and allurement in woman are consistent with a strength and depth of character that in America we should call Puritan, is the meaning that seems to be intended. Her husband, though less fully drawn, is also conceived as possessing in a high degree both delicacy and strength of soul. Both portraits are apparently designed as strong contrasts to the ideal man and woman as conceived in the philosophy of *les Boches*.

In addition, the author, through a great number of little incidents and descriptions, aims to show the moral effect of the war upon people of many different classes and types.

To make the method of incidental character sketching effective for the purpose of a war novel would seem to require the power of a great realist. And this power Marcelle Tinayre, though she is shrewd and observing, seems to lack. To join the sentimental motive with the great emotion of righteous warfare in a grandly impressive whole, would seem to demand the genius of a Victor Hugo. Lacking this, the author seems to take a too romantic, a too sentimental, view of the great struggle, though this is plainly not her intention.

In short, accustomed to write romances, Marcelle Tinayre has written about the war simply a romance—but a romance which testifies to the author's intense patriotism.

THE PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. By John Bassett Moore. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1918.

A nation is most clearly conceived as a spiritual whole when it is seen in its relations with other nations; and the study of American diplomacy, even apart from the necessary connection between domestic and foreign policies, is an essential part of training for the best citizenship. Through this study, certain principles that have always formed a part of the American Idea may be clearly perceived, and the value of these principles to the world may be estimated.

In American diplomacy there has been a sufficient consistency to convince one that a real national will exists. Foreign policies have not been merely the results of changing economic conditions or of variable moral conceptions. The essential ideas that were dominant in the very beginning of the Republic have remained a part of the national consciousness and have on the whole guided the conduct of the nation in its dealings with foreign Powers. Are these principles and ideals ultimately sound? Are they practical? Have there been, and are there likely to be in the future, serious divergences from

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them? A real opinion regarding these questions on the part of a majority of thoughtful citizens is obviously necessary if democracy is to be effective—that is, if it is to be intelligent, and if it is to be emotionally prepared for action.

The materials for forming such an opinion are furnished in admirable form by John Bassett Moore in his book *Principles of American Diplomacy*. If this volume is in effect a manual of patriotism, its patriotic appeal is due, not to anything in the nature of *ex parte* pleading or to any attempt upon the part of the author to found theories of action upon past acts, but almost wholly to the logic of the facts themselves.

The Principles of American Diplomacy embodies substantially the entire text, with few alterations or amendments, of a work published by the author in 1905 under the title *American Diplomacy: Its Spirit and Achievements*. To this text, however, have been added discussions of all important diplomatic events that have occurred between 1903 and 1917 (including, of course, the events relating to the Great War), as well as a whole new chapter upon the subject of Pan-Americanism. The method employed is topical—the diplomatic developments in relation to each general subject or policy being treated in chronological order. Thus the reader is able without undue difficulty to understand what has been in the main the attitude of the United States throughout its whole history in regard to neutrality, the freedom of the seas, the Monroe Doctrine, international arbitration, and many questions hardly less important.

In all this, there is sufficient room for difference of opinion as to the wisdom and the motives of particular policies; nor does the author in any way attempt to narrow the scope of individual thought upon these subjects. But no reasonable and attentive reader can fail to note, and to feel as inspiring, the generally consistent adherence of the nation to certain root principles and the generally favorable working-out of certain tendencies. The practical effect of these principles and characteristic tendencies is seen to have been great, and thus the United States, portrayed by an analysis of its motives and acts, stands out as an expression of the most enlightened conception of nationality.

American diplomacy has been an influence in behalf of political liberty; it has uniformly advocated the view that "the true test of a government's right to exist, and to be recognized by other governments, is the fact of its existence as the exponent of the popular will." American diplomacy has always stood for the principle of legality in international affairs. At the same time it has held to the doctrine of non-intervention and has maintained the distinction between the American and the European System. Throughout its whole course, it has been characterized by frankness and simplicity. Whoever understands these things will be slow to acquiesce in any surrender, urged upon grounds of immediate urgency, of the values that have already been maintained. Only upon the most fundamental reasons will he consent that the nation shall in essentials change its mind.

Dr. Moore's whole treatise is a justification and explication of the statement made in his opening chapter, that "not only the most important event of the past two hundred years, but one of the most im-

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portant events of all times, was the advent of the United States into the family of nations."

NATIONAL PROGRESS (Volume Twenty-seven of *The American Nation*). By Frederic Austin Ogg. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1917.

The period 1910-1917 has been a period of notable growth and change. The problems that have emerged during these years are larger, vaguer, and at the same time more complex than the problems of the remoter past. Dissatisfaction with social conditions; a sense of the larger relations connecting groups and classes with the nation as a whole, and the nation with the world; a desire for progress in a democratic direction, have been increasingly operative among the people. The need for a fuller understanding of principles and for confident leadership has been strongly felt. At the same time party lines have become less clearly marked; the tendency in politics has been toward a general, though not very distinct, division upon the demarkation between radicals and conservatives—a division that to some extent obliterates the narrower distinctions between the two principal political parties. Progressivism, though it failed to become the foundation of a successful new party, remains a powerful movement.

It is evident that at no time in the history of the country has there been so great a need as there is at present for reliable and well-digested information concerning a great variety of political problems and tendencies that have developed within a comparatively brief time. These problems and tendencies are part of our present intellectual and social life, and at the same time they include so wide a field and mark so rapid a change as to require studied historical treatment no less than the events of longer epochs belonging to our earlier history.

Even a cursory reading of Professor Frederic A. Ogg's compact history of the last ten years suffices to show how the broadening of political problems has necessitated more accurate analysis and more comprehensive views. The result of the election of 1908, though it appeared to be a sweeping Republican victory, really presaged a great shift in political power. Delay on the part of the Taft Administration in carrying out the promised reforms in currency and banking, and more particularly the discontent of the country with the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, in considerable part explain the Democratic victory in 1912. Yet even among the Democrats there occurred a change of view-point in regard to at least one of these issues. It is a noteworthy fact that although, as late as 1915, President Wilson declared that the nation had all the machinery that was needed for the investigation of tariff problems, the leaders of the Democratic Party, including the President, gradually changed their minds and reverted to Taft's plan for a tariff commission. Another remarkable change of front is seen in the passage of the Keating-Owen child-labor law in September, 1916. "No more sweeping use of the powers of Congress to regulate commerce," declares Professor Ogg, "was ever made. Years before, Wilson had pronounced the Beveridge bill 'obviously absurd.' Now he was willing

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to use the spur upon Congress in behalf of a measure that was decidedly more drastic."

These instances, although they are of especial interest as indicating a new political orientation, are not of course the most striking as regards the actual changes implied in them. Whoever reads Professor Ogg's accounts of the dealings of the Government with the railroads, with corporations and trusts, with industry and labor, during the last decade or more, will be compelled to perceive how the sphere of government has inevitably enlarged, how the pressure of ideals and of economic demands has called for larger and firmer control and direction, how the boundary line between government and liberty has become more difficult to draw while the necessity of drawing it clearly has become more apparent than ever.

At the same time the reader of this book of Professor Ogg's can hardly fail to perceive the broad significance of the problems that arose even before the war in regard to the foreign policy of the United States. The Caribbean policy of the Government, its attitude towards the South American nations, towards Mexico, towards Japan, all serve to show the distinction between the rival conceptions of internationalism and imperialism—conceptions that must either struggle to destroy each other or find some mode of reasonable compromise.

Manifestly there has been a drift at the same time toward increased control of the government by the people; but the two impulses, though they have combined to produce the great changes which have taken place in our time, are not really the same nor necessarily parallel in their direction. Since the entrance of the United States into the Great War both tendencies have been intensified: the Government never wielded more power; the people have never been more democratic.

To these general and vague ideas, Professor Ogg's book gives that substance and that practical meaning which are necessary to make possible the formation of definite opinions and to check theorizing. The author, although he is impartial, as every historian should be, and reserved, as befits the historian of recent events, by no means hesitates to draw legitimate conclusions. He points out unsparingly both the weaknesses of the Republicans under Taft and the mistakes of the Democrats under Wilson. He adequately criticizes, for example, both the Payne-Aldrich law and the Adamson law. An especially interesting and instructive feature of the book is Professor Ogg's analysis of the results of presidential elections.

The book *National Progress* should prove of great value in helping intelligent men and women to form broadly based and independent opinions upon the problems of the time. It gives information of the sort that seems to be needed for the successful working of democracy in these days.

Aeneas at the Site of Rome. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A., LL.D., Edin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1917.

In a degree somewhat unusual among scholars, Dr. Fowler combines extensive linguistic and antiquarian learning with literary taste and true humanistic zeal. His commentary upon the Eighth Book

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of the *Aeneid*—a commentary that ranges from minute and technical questions concerning the meanings of words to broad interpretations of Vergil's spirit and intention—are simply designed to increase the reader's literary enjoyment of the poem by removing difficulties and pointing out beauties.

For Dr. Fowler the Eighth Book of the *Aeneid* has an especial charm. The whole epic derives its grandeur ultimately from its prophetic strain. To the Roman the *Aeneid* summed up the greatness of Roman nationality and character; to the modern it appeals as an epic of civilization. With grandeur there is joined in Vergil's great work a certain sweetness and gentleness. These two qualities are especially manifest in the Eighth Book, and hence Dr. Fowler is fully justified in adopting as the motto for his volume the lines of Wordsworth:

> We live by hope
> And by desire; we see by the glad light
> And breathe the sweet air of futurity,
> And so we live, or else we have no life.

"The Eighth Book consists not of a single story, but of a succession of scenes, somewhat in the manner of a Waverly novel." Its plan, however, seems to Dr. Fowler "wonderfully happy and complete." From the account of how Aeneas found his way to the site of Rome by Rome's own river to the portraiture upon the hero's magic shield of the crowning victory of Actinus—a victory of the utmost significance in the history of civilization—the poem makes its meaning felt both subtly and harmoniously. In several respects, too, this Book more than others suits the taste of modern readers. It is free from "Homeric battles," the use of divine machinery in it is not obtrusive, and the human figures it depicts, such as Evander and Pullas, really enlist one's sympathy.

In the critical commentary which he has appended to the Latin text of the Eighth Book, Dr. Fowler not only enables one to appreciate the local allusions and "delicate Roman touches" with which the Book teems, but also not infrequently touches larger problems—such as the significance of Vergil's idea of fate, which he presents as a profound and ennobling conception.

It is perhaps not too rash a suggestion that comments such as those that Dr. Fowler has supplied in this volume would be more profitable to young students of Latin than the rather dry and almost exclusively grammatical notes that are contained in most school editions of Vergil. It is well within bounds to say that every teacher of Latin will find profit in reading Dr. Fowler's remarks. And to the few persons outside the teaching profession who read Latin with ease and with appreciation of literary values, *Aeneas at the Site of Rome* will prove a delight.

THE REBUILDING OF EUROPE. By David Jayne Hill. New York: The Century Co., 1917.

"The struggle now going on," writes David Jayne Hill in the preface to his new book, *The Rebuilding of Europe*, has been variously

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called ' a trade war ', a contest regarding ' the destiny of smaller states ', ' a. war for democracy,' and ' a war for principles.' What has been most completely overlooked is the fact that the Great War was not in its beginnings, and is not now, so much a struggle between different forms of government as it is a question regarding the purpose and spirit of all government. . . . The truth is that the Great War is a revolution against the alleged rights of arbitrary force, rendered necessary by the failure to reach the goal of a secure international organization by an evolutionary process."

To show wherein this failure lay, is Dr. Hill's task in the first chapter of his book, which deals with the development of the idea of the state in modern Europe.

The historian and the evolutionary scientist are fatalists only when they forget that thought is as much a part of evolution as peoples and institutions. It is only when we perceive once for all and clearly that the concept of national sovereignty which has come down to us from medieval times, and which has been in theory accepted even by democratic governments, is wrong, that we cease to be fatalists. For so long as we contend merely for an emotional ideal—as, for instance, for peace or for libety, or for democracy—our wills are not really free. It is only when we see beyond these great goods the principle of justice on which they depend that we cease to be merely impulsive. And if we seek for liberty through the study of sociological and phychological laws, then we are in danger of becoming fatalists with a vengeance.

Because Dr. Hill has clarified and justified and given due authority to the conception of law and justice as distinct from irresponsible might in international relations, his book deserves to be called a liberalizing and in the only proper sense of the word an optimistic work. But he goes beyond this, taking into consideration existing realities, the economic and political situation of the world today. Finally, without outlining a detailed programme, he develops from the facts and principles previously considered his ideas of the reorganization of the world, making the difficulties in the way of permanent peace seem less formidable than to minds less fundamentally clear they may easily appear.

The profundity and lucidity of this little book give it an importance far beyond that of most discussions of the war and its problems.

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XI

(January 3—February 6)

This review of the tenth month of our war with Germany is written on the last day of that month—the next day after the first public announcement in our newspapers that American troops are at last holding a sector of the line on the west front in France. How long they had been holding it before the censor permitted the announcement is, of course, not public property. Nor does it matter. The main thing is that we are now on the line, and it is a promise of the fulfilment of our hope that before the end of the war the fighting strength of the United States shall make itself felt.

This begins to look like what the average man understands by "participation" in the war. Of course we have been actually participating for a long time, in fact for ten months. There are many different methods of participation, with various economic forces that may be more effectual in reducing Germany's power of resistance than the fighting valor of the men we now have on the sector we hold in France. We have been helping to make it a real blockade, and to cut off the numerous and devious means by which Germany obtained supplies, no matter how small the quantity, of the different materials she needed in her war making. We have strengthened our allies with money and credit, and our naval forces have borne a gallant and distinguished part in the defense of the allied transport service against the submarines.

But now we have men "on the line." There is an "American front" and the censor permits it to be known that our men are holding trenches in Lorraine. We may even particularize a little. We are almost on the German border. With a little fortunate effort we might become invaders of the enemy territory. Every day the news reports give details of the doings of our soldiers on this front, and bring inevitably the sad news of casualties—men killed and wounded, and occasionally captured. Nothing approaching the dignity or importance of a battle has occurred as yet on the American front, but our men are in the fighting, and the close of the tenth month finds us really "participating in the war against Germany."

Three alliterative subjects were the chief recipients of public attention during this tenth month—participation, peace and preparation. Strong efforts for all three have run co-ordinately throughout the month, but at the close the hopes for peace were not as high as they had been at different points during this time. Certain distinguished efforts to pave the way for a possible discussion of peace

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terms were made in this month. David Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, delivered a remarkable speech, outlining the British war aims. He was followed in a few days by President Wilson, who, speaking to a joint session of Congress, laid down fourteen specific conditions of peace. In due course formal replies came from Count von Hertling, the German chancellor, and Count Czernin, the Austrian premier. Neither speech offered a hopeful basis for enduring peace, and the month closed with the publication of a formal statement by the Supreme War Council of the Entente Allies rejecting the peace feelers of the Teutonic allies, and announcing that the Council had "arrived at a complete unanimity of policy on measures for the prosecution of the war."

This announcement appeared in the same newspapers which carried that of American occupation of a part of the Lorraine front. So just as we were informed that we were actually getting into the fighting on land we were assured that the war was to go on indefinitely, and that the hopes of an early peace which had been inspired by the various statements of aims were not yet to be realized.

The peace parleys which had been going on at Brest-Litovsk between the Bolshevik Russians and the Ukrainians on one side and the Teutonic Allies on the other have continued at intervals since our last review. First one side, and then the other, has journeyed back to Petrograd or Berlin as the case might be, for consultation with superiors, and to make explanation or receive orders. It has been reported at different times that each side had broken off the negotiations. But if either side ever did, it has soon repaired the break, and when the original armistice expired it was renewed for one month more on Russian initiative.

Meantime the Russians have been encountering more and more difficulties and divisions at home, and the Teutonic Allies have been progressing in arrogance and rapacity, as was to have been expected. Having at first declared their acceptance of the Russian principles of "no annexations and no indemnities," the Germans were forced to meet a practical application of the formula in the case of the Russian territories now held in German occupation. Their answer was a flat refusal. They declined to evacuate these territories, as contemplated in the first and second items of the Russian terms of peace. They said that these territories "already had local authorities who had declared in favor of breaking away from Russia, and such decision should be regarded as valid." They did not regard it as necessary to remark that these local authorities had been installed by German military forces and now function under German control. Neither the Bolsheviki nor any one else was fooled by these tactics.

On January 10 the Teutonic negotiators solemnly announced the withdrawal of their offer to conclude a general peace without forcible annexations and indemnities on the ground that the Allies had not accepted it. Therefore the responsibility for continuing the war rests—from the German point of view—entirely on the Entente Powers.

At this writing the Teutonic negotiators are again in Berlin for conference and there is renewed suggestion of a rupture of the negotiations.

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This month opened with Mr. Lloyd George's statement of British war aims. It was made on January 5, before the British Trade Union conference. The terms specified were closely similar to those of previous declarations. The British are not fighting, he said, to crush Germany, but it will be much more easy to negotiate peace with a liberalized Government. Belgium must be restored, politically, territorially and economically, with such reparation as can be made for the devastation of her towns and provinces. Serbia, Roumania, Montenegro and the others similarly to be restored. And the British will stand by France to the death for the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine.

The Lloyd George statement was accepted as satisfactory by British labor and by Britain's allies. Three days later, on January 8, President Wilson went before Congress and delivered the most carefully itemized and specific statement of peace conditions that has come from any of the belligerent statesmen. He voiced again his distrust of the German rulers and demanded to know for whom the negotiators at Brest-Litovsk spoke—the "spirit and intention of the liberal leaders and parties of Germany, or those who resist and defy that spirit and intention and insist upon conquest and subjugation?" His programme of world peace contained fourteen paragraphs: 1, open diplomacy; 2, freedom of navigation, in peace and in war; 3, removal of international economic barriers; 4, reduction of national armaments; 5, absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, the interests of the population concerned having equal weight with Governmental claims; 6, evacuation of all Russian territory and such settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will give her unembarrassed opportunity for independent determination of her political development and national policy; 7, Belgium evacuated and restored; 8, Alsace-Lorraine restored to France; 9, Italian frontiers readjusted; 10, the peoples of Austria-Hungary accorded freest opportunity for autonomous development; 11, Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia to have access to the sea and the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the Balkan States to be guaranteed internationally; 12, Turkey to be assured sovereignty of Turkish portions of Ottoman Empire, but other nationalities now under Turkish rule to have unmolested opportunity for autonomous development, Dardanelles to be free for all nations under international guarantee; 13, an independent Polish State; 14, an international league for peace.

The entire Allied world endorsed the President's statement of peace conditions. British labor especially approved. In Germany it aroused furious anger, and the newspapers, which are under Government control, published it in garbled or distorted form or not at all.

Count von Hertling and Count Czernin replied to the Wilson and Lloyd George speeches on the same day, January 24. The German Chancellor spoke before the Main Committee of the Reichstag, and the Austrian Premier before the Reichsrat. Count Hertling made his reply specific, taking up the President's terms paragraph by paragraph. To the first five he professed adherence, but explained as to number 2 that it would be highly important for England to give up Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Hong-Kong, the Falkland Islands and other "strongly

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fortified naval bases on important international routes." He suggested that "practical realization" of number 5 "will encounter some difficulties." As to number 6—the evacuation of Russia—Count Hertling said that since the Entente had refused to join in the negotiations within the specified period of ten days he must "decline to allow any subsequent interference." The Belgian question, number 7 in Mr. Wilson's programme, Count Hertling said "belongs to those questions the details of which are to be settled by negotiation at the peace conference." As to Alsace-Lorraine he said: "I can only again expressly accentuate the fact that there can never be a question of dismemberment of imperial territory." Numbers 9, 10 and 11 Count Hertling left to Austria-Hungary, with the remark that where German interests were concerned "we shall defend them most energetically." Number 12, he said, concerned only "our loyal, brave ally, Turkey." He added that the integrity of Turkey and the safeguarding of her capital "are important and vital interests of the German Empire also," and Turkey could count on Germany's energetic support. The Polish question, Mr. Wilson's number 13, was for Poland, Germany and Austria to decide. "We are on the road to this goal," said Hertling. As to the league of nations, "if it proves on closer examination to be conceived in a spirit of complete justice and impartiality toward all," Germany was ready, when all the other questions have been settled, to "begin the examination of the basis of such a band of nations."

Count Czernin also made a detailed reply to Mr. Wilson, considering the President's terms paragraph by paragraph. In general the Austrian Premier was far more ready to talk peace on the Wilson basis—or sought to convey that impression. "Our views are identical" he said, "not only on the broad principles regarding a new organization of the world after the war, but also on several concrete questions, and differences which still exist do not seem to me to be so great that a conversation regarding them would not lead to enlightenment and a rapprochement." Count Czernin added that this situation tempted him to ask "if an exchange of ideas between the two Powers could not be the point of departure for a personal conversation among all States which have not yet joined in peace negotiations."

But while all this looked on the surface very much as if Austria would really like to begin effective peace conversations, there was a reference to Austria's determination to stand by her allies, especially Germany, which destroyed the value of Count Czernin's otherwise ostensibly peaceful discourse. He said that Austria-Hungary, "faithful to her engagement to fight to the end in defence of her allies, will defend the possessions of her war allies as she would her own."

Which brings the peace question back to the same old proposition of beating Germany.

There was one sentence in Count Hertling's speech which disclosed the interesting fact that the attitude of the world with respect to Germany has at last penetrated German intelligence. He said that the conception of Germany's enemies "finds expression as if we were the guilty who must do penance and promise improvement." And he added: "The leaders of the Entente must first renounce this standpoint and this deception."

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In those two paragraphs the reason is fully set forth for the unanimous decision of the Entente Supreme War Council that the war must go on. As long as Germany is correctly interpreted by that speech of Hertling's and as long as Austria will support Germany as Czernin asserted, there is nothing to do but bring up the guns, and that is just what American preparation aims at.

Meantime there have been continued reports from both Austria and Germany of domestic upheavals which may or may not portend an early collapse of their present iron control. For more than a fortnight the news reports have dealt with labor demonstrations and strikes in Vienna, Berlin and other important cities and towns of both Germany and Austria. The workmen were represented as demanding "peace and bread." The reports from Vienna were coupled with news of the fall of the Cabinet. In Germany, where government control of the press is supreme, the conflict of reports was such as to confuse the situation. No accurate line on the extent of the upheaval was obtainable. The military forces were relied upon to put down the strikes, and there were threats of shooting strikers. There were also reports that strikers were warned to go back to work or take their chances with the army. At all events German iron discipline seems to have regained the mastery, if, indeed, it ever was really threatened.

There have been two domestic battles of absorbing interest during the month, both connected with our preparation for a larger measure of participation in the fighting on land later. One was a fight with the forces of nature as well as of organization and inefficiency in the effort to end the transportation congestion, and by moving both coal and freight get the industry and transportation of the country once more on something like a going basis. The other was a fight that developed in the Senate and was aimed against the deadening effects of red tape in the military organization. At this writing both fights seem to have produced good results.

The coal and transportation situations have demanded and received unremitting attention and effort. The Fuel Administrator and Director-General of railroads have had to fight not only the constant production of more freight and coal than could be transported by the railroads under existing conditions, but also an unbroken series of snow and other storms and of severe cold weather, the like of which is hardly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Early in the month Secretary McAdoo, the Director-General of railroads, had an important conference with the heads of the railroad brotherhoods and, as the newspaper reports put it, "requested" them to work overtime in order to help meet the shortage of labor. The brotherhood leaders expressed a willingness to work with Mr. McAdoo to maintain transportation efficiency. Mr. McAdoo thereupon announced his intention to appoint a Wage Adjustment Commission to take up the question of increased pay which the brotherhood men were pressing. Later Mr. McAdoo named Secretary Lane as head of this commission, with Interstate Commerce Commissioner McChord as another member together with Chief Justice J. Harry Covington of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and William R. Willcox, former member of the Public Service Commission of New York.

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On January 6 Mr. McAdoo issued orders doubling the demurrage on railroad cars in order to force consignees to unload them more promptly. On the 14th he ordered that coal for domestic use and for vital public utilities should have first preference in shipment, with food stuffs and coal for bunkering ships to our allies next in order.

On January 16 the Fuel Administrator ordered coal sellers to give preference in this order: 1, railroads; 2, domestic users, hospitals, etc.; 3, public utilities; 4, bunkers; 5, municipal, county and State governments and public uses; 6, manufacturers of perishable foods.

At the same time the Fuel Administrator ordered a total shutdown for five days from January 18 to 22, both inclusive, and for each Monday for ten weeks. This order applied east of the Mississippi and in Minnesota and Louisiana. Dr. Garfield declared that it was necessary in order to prevent a crisis and widespread suffering.

There was an immediate and angry protest from all parts of the country affected by the order. Industries everywhere declared that it was an uneconomic measure and would have disastrous effects, entailing great loss upon industry and hardship upon working men whom it would deprive of wages aggregating millions of dollars. Dr. Garfield insisted on enforcing his order however, and was supported by President Wilson. The Senate adopted a resolution requesting the Fuel Administration to postpone the order, but it went into effect just a quarter of an hour before the Senate Resolution reached Dr. Garfield.

The vigorous efforts to relieve the coal famine in New York and the New England States were making some headway, despite the severity of the weather, and this closing order gave further assistance until there was talk of rescinding the order for further Monday closing. When the order was issued more than a hundred steamships were held in port for lack of bunker coal. In the first two weeks more than 75 of these ships received the necessary supplies, and this greatly improved the ocean transportation situation. The fact appears to have been that the industrial production of the country was greater than the available ships could transport, especially when they were delayed by lack of bunker coal.

On January 4 President Wilson went before Congress and delivered a message urging legislation to complete and support the Federal control of railroads undertaken as a war measure. He asked a specific guarantee to the roads that their properties would be maintained throughout the period of Federal control in as good repair and as complete equipment as at present; and that the roads should receive equitable compensation. He recommended as the compensation basis the average income of the three years ending June 30, 1917.

The Administration bill conforming to the President's speech was introduced in both Senate and House, and immediately encountered opposition because no limit was set for the period of Federal control. Both senators and representatives believed that the law should provide some date for the termination of Federal control, one year, or two years after the war. Mr. McAdoo contended vigorously against such a limitation and President Wilson supported him. But both Senate and House committees voted for a time limit. The bill appropriates $500,000,000 to form a revolving fund to cover expenses of control,

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equipment, betterments, etc. The Administration is urging action on the bill, as a means of facilitating the flotation of the next Liberty Loan, which is scheduled to come before spring. Mr. McAdoo told a committee of Congress before which he was urging action on the railroad bill that it would be necessary to raise about ten billions before the end of the fiscal year. But not all that will be by loan.

The criticism of the War Department was accompanied by much more acrimony than developed from the fight over the railroad legislation. This situation culminated in an attack by President Wilson upon Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Chamberlain spoke on January 19 at a luncheon given him in New York by the National Security League. In the course of his extemporaneous address he said that the War Department had "fallen down," that it had "almost ceased to function" and that there was inefficiency in every department of the government. Next day President Wilson wrote asking him if he had been correctly quoted. Upon receiving the Senator's reply to the effect that he had been quoted with substantial accuracy, the President issued a statement accusing the Senator of an "astonishing and absolutely unjustifiable distortion of the truth," and adding that the Chamberlain statement "sprang out of opposition to the Administration's whole policy, rather than out of any serious intention to reform its practice." The President referred to Secretary Baker as "one of the ablest public officials I have ever known."

This denunciation of Senator Chamberlain was surprising in view of the Oregon senator's strong support of numerous Administration measures. It was Senator Chamberlain who handled the food control bills which were not supported by Senator Gore, the chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. Mr. Chamberlain replied in a three-hour speech in the Senate on January 24, in which he rehearsed some of the evidence that had been given before his committee in the hearings on War Department conduct which it had been conducting for some time. It was at these hearings that the inefficiency in the Ordnance and Quartermaster's bureaus, and in other War Department bureaus was brought out.

These hearings had resulted in the preparation by the Senate Committee of two bills, one providing for the creation of a war cabinet of three, and the other for the appointment of a director of munitions. Both bills were strongly opposed by the Administration and Secretary Baker. Mr. Baker had appeared before the committee in these hearings, and had defended his department, but in a way which lent color to the belief that he was not sufficiently impressed with the size and importance of the task before his department. His appearance had rather increased the demand in the committee for the legislation.

Senator Chamberlain's speech in reply to the President made a profound impression. He declared that the President did not know the truth as it had been presented to his committee, and he gave official figures to show the shortages of clothing, and the deaths in the training camps in which Surgeon General Gorgas had testified there were unsanitary conditions and lack of proper clothing.

Secretary Baker promptly requested another opportunity to appear

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before the committee and present additional information. He did appear on January 28, and produced a statement which made a much better effect in its showing of the accomplishments of the War Department. He did not contend that mistakes had not been made, but that when discovered they had been corrected and were not repeated. Also he declared that an immense amount of work had been accomplished, and that no army of such size had ever been raised and equipped so quickly before. He said we should have half a million men in France by spring and a million more ready to go. Afterward Senator Chamberlain lunched with Mr. Baker, and there were indications that an agreement might be reached as to the director of munitions bill. But Administration opposition to the war cabinet measure was unremitting. Mr. Baker did appoint a " surveyor general of purchases " and gave the place to Mr. Stettinius, who had been the chief purchasing agent for the Allies before we entered the war. But it was pointed out that the new surveyor of purchases was without the real authority which alone could give him solid ground for success.

By way of pleasing contrast the House committee which investigated the navy reported in terms of the highest praise of its work, commending its efficiency and achievements. Notwithstanding the tremendously increased demands upon it, said the report, it was working smoothly and harmoniously and with great efficiency.

Provost Marshal General Crowder announced that more than a million men in class 1 of the draft registrants had been accepted for service, and that the yearly class of young men reaching the age of 21, who will be made liable for military duty under pending legislation, will number more than 700,000. General Crowder estimates that nearly all these men will be available for military service, and that they will be sufficient to meet all demands upon us for troops. So the tenth month marked substantial gain in accomplishment and real improvement in prospects.

(*This record is as of February* 6 *and is to be continued*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OUR DEFECTIVE WAR MACHINE

SIR,—Latterly no one has had to say, with the member of Congress who was reproached for not standing by the President, "I would gladly stand by him if I could only find out where he stands." True, during four years, we were all taught to be pacifists, but the nation is no longer "too proud to fight" and "peace without victory" is to-day unthinkable. I leave it to others to explain this remarkable transition, but I pray God that the first tuition did not make us a nation of slackers, if not of cowards! In every cantonment there are men who refuse to fight, to drill, or even to wear the uniform; and the departments of the Capital are filled to overflowing with young officers and civilian clerks between 21 and 31. The Y. M. C. A. workers, including the President's son-in-law, are nearly all of draft age. He who doubts this assertion—let him go and see for himself! In the much-investigated Ordnance Department, there are over 4,000 employees where there were 90 before the war. This is a fact, however incredible it may seem. And all other offices are similarly overcrowded with young and inexperienced men. Anything rather than shoulder a rifle and fight! Why are not retired officers and women substituted for them?

This condition, and the multiplicity of councils and boards—advisory, defensive and what not—these are the true causes of the slow progress of the War Department. In the Navy Department these conditions do not obtain to the same degree; hence less fault is found. Moreover, the Navy and Marine Corps have been increased by only 100,000 men—the Army by 1,000,000.

But why should a successful broker upon the floor of the Stock Exchange be made a member of the Council of National Defense? Or a College President be placed in charge of the fuel distribution? Why should a pronounced pacifist, a clever young lawyer of Cleveland, be Secretary of War, *in time of war?* And why should another pacifist, a third-rate editor of a third-rate paper of a third-rate town of a third-rate State, be Secretary of the Navy?

In times of peace, this playing of politics or rewarding of one's personal friends, would make little difference; but in the face of a national crisis, it seems little less than criminal. When the existence of a state of war was declared last April, there were two officers so pre-eminently qualified for Secretary of War and for Secretary of the Navy, that it is difficult to comprehend how they could have been overlooked. General Goethals, after the administrative and executive ability displayed in the construction of the Panama Canal, was thought to be the inevitable choice

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for the first position; and Admiral Fiske, inventor and naval expert, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the lamented Mahan seemed to have fallen, for the second. We should have a different tale to tell, had this been done. Instead, Goethals was hitched to a Pacific Coast politician, a lawyer and counseller for the lumber league of that region, with whom he refused to pull in harness. Admiral Capps succeeded Goethals and Admiral Harris succeeded Admiral Capps. Both Admirals have resigned, and up to date the Shipping Board, from which so much was expected, has been a disaster. Whose fault? Nine months of war have passed and little or nothing tangible has been accomplished.

What have we really got to show for our enormous expenditures of nearly twenty billions of dollars? Hot air, certainly; plenty of it! Indeed, we appear to be trying to spend, if not to waste, as quickly as possible. The "cost plus 10%" system is an outrageous swindle. The more the contractor can spend or waste, the more he will receive. Very fine! Go to one of our camps and see how it works. Is it, after all, a big bluff, as the Germans say? Does the Administration hope to frighten them into surrender by our huge but slow preparation? If not, why this extreme and prolonged deliberateness? Who is responsible?

General Goethals is coming into his own, perhaps, as Quartermaster General, but would have made a better Chief of Staff. So would General Wood, another good soldier. If, as Napoleon said, armies crawled on their bellies to-day, General Bliss, the present incumbent, would do better as a Commissary of Subsistence, the Corps of his predilection. Admiral Fiske appears to be permanently shelved. Meanwhile, the chief exploits of the Secretary of the Navy have been the puerile prohibition in the service of the use of prophylactics against venereal diseases, of erotic tattooing, or of the enlistment of sailors having amatory figures ("September Morns") indelibly marked upon their skin (a favorite device of "Old Salts") and of the acceptance of donations from the Navy League for sailors or of the entrance of the members thereof to Navy Yards. Truly an enviable record!

I have no desire or intention to assail the President, whose many admirable qualities I was among the first to recognize and praise, but whose fatal disposition to make mediocre appointments I deplore. Unless the nation is completely hypnotized, something *must* be done quickly or *we* shall lose the war by inaction. Let us visualize present conditions:

President Wilson: *College Professor and President; original Pacifist.* Secretary Baker: *Lawyer and Pacifist.* Secretary Daniels: *Editor and Pacifist.*	V E R S U S	Emperor William: *Lifelong Sailor and Soldier and Ruler.* General von Hindenburg: *Lifelong Soldier.* Admiral von Tirpitz: *Lifelong Sailor and Soldier.*

REMEMBER: these are the men who respectively direct opposing war policies! We *shall* win—we *must* win; but at what sacrifice of lives and treasure, perhaps—even with the assistance of Colonel House of Texas!

CHARLES SMITH.

NEW YORK CITY.

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ABOUT A GREAT RACE

SIR,—I read with interest the article in the December issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW entitled, *I Am a Jew*. It takes me back in reminiscence through many phases of my own experience. I am therefore tempted to draft a few comments by way of observation and discussion.

The life phases that thinking men pass through are determined by the cast of their mind and by environment. Certain broad generalizations, however, will cover the requirements of a general statement.

It is almost a truism to say that one cannot with wholesomeness live a life of strict materialism any more than a life of strict spirituality. The one comprehends only the material or animal side of human nature and leads to selfishness and forms of savagery. The other comprehends only the theoretical or emotional side of human nature.

Wholesomeness results from a clear knowledge of the whole of human life. The wants of the physical and those of the spiritual presuppose the activities that supply these wants. Neither can stand alone, nor can the activities they represent be any more separated.

One does not have to be a Jew to recognize emptiness in Western civilization, nor does one have to be a Gentile to recognize failings and weaknesses in Oriental life. Men of all races and ages have found occasion to criticise the emptiness of things in general. But emptiness is more a state of mind than it is a condition of life. A man is not trained who has not learned to find contentment within his own mind, who cannot retire within this sanctuary when occasion requires.

While still a boy I saturated my mind with Emerson and Marcus Aurelius. Later, through my inevitable contact with commerce, I revised my earlier interpretations of business and life values in general. I started with very one-sided notions of spiritual values. I had vision but no perspective. For years it never occurred to me that matter and spirit, so to speak, are counterparts in all living and thinking. They are the masculine and feminine, the primary and secondary, the action and reflection of our existence. Neither by itself can possibly represent a normal condition. But in union they bring poise and contentment. In their fusion we find health.

Now for the political and social. The present aim of the German Government, say, compared with the settled trend of all English political ideals, makes it easy to decide which ideal one prefers to live under and support. The world war ought to lead all men away from the political side of race existence toward the political ideal of freedom. The idea becomes greater than any race because it comprehends all races. No race can rightfully dominate other races save through the dominance of superior ideals. Nor can any one race hold itself apart from other races without suffering politically and socially. And rightfully so. Thinking men make themselves citizens of the world. Intellectually they cease to be American or English or Jewish or German. To approve and foster the political ideals of England and France, and of those other races that are struggling toward this goal, should bring pleasure and satisfaction to every thinking man. Failure or refusal to affiliate with men of all races who aspire to these political ideals will cause any man to grow stale and sour through very isolation. Ideas, not blood, are what count.

Politically and socially your race suffers because it has refused to be-

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come a part of other races in blood and in coöperation. True, you have created a book known as the Bible; but not even a bible comprehends the whole of what we know as modern life. A bible will not operate the business of a nation nor of a world. The so-called spiritual things in human nature must join themselves to the inevitable programme of economic life to accomplish a rounded purpose.

If you insist that God made the Jewish race, you must admit the same of other races. All have varying capacities and deficiencies. But all men should be able to find mental food and spiritual refreshment in any country devoted to political freedom, and in working out with such peoples the varied problems of further human elevation.

Americans are a chosen people in that they have put into operation certain social and political principles, and share these principles and privileges freely with all nations. That constitutes the superiority of America. And so long as America maintains this spirit we will remain superior to all races as races, because we perpetuate a common brotherhood regardless of race or creed. We aspire to universal life.

I like the sentiment expressed by Marcus Aurelius: "We are all made for coöperation, like the hands and the feet, and the upper and lower teeth." Commerce, in so far as it ministers to human wants, is a thoroughly spiritual employment. Any task that is necessary to the maintenance of the social welfare is noble labor. The spirit one brings to one's task represents the measure of one's coöperation in the work of the world. And this, in turn, becomes the measure of a man.

The spirit of coöperation is loftier than the spirit of race. To refuse to become a unit in the amalgam of modern life is to be caught in the eddy, while the stream of progress and endeavor sweeps onward.

Races have their phases and their periods of transition. An excessively commercial era may be material to a fault. Or it may, like the trend now strongly evident in America, represent a robust practical blending of the two essentials of wholesome living.

I am proud of my race. But I am prouder of its world ideals, and its practical sense in carrying them forward in a practical manner for the betterment of human existence.

A READER.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE HEBREW AND THE MODERN WORLD

SIR,—Great good can come from discussion of the place in the world occupied by the Hebrew, and the article in the December number of your magazine was a truthful and pitiable word picture of the struggle going on in the minds of that people. Suffering is always worthy of respect and alleviation, and only more so when not brought about by weakness or error.

The mystery to me is that the central reason for the condition that has partially ostracized the Jew is not clear to every man that has given the matter consideration, be he Jew or Gentile. Certainly, if in the weak judgment of man there is an unpardonable sin, it is to differ. Like begets like, and holds for its progeny an unlimited love. Fondly to his breast, through the generations, the Jew has hugged the delusion that

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he is of the chosen of God. Had he, himself, thought of himself as an unmarked bit of humanity, he today would be like unto others, and such merit as he possessed would be an element in the make-up of the common man.

The Jew is suffering from a chronic state of the same malady that in the German has become acute, and is fast taking from him the splendid strength that might have been a mighty factor in making the world a better home for man.

If the Jew will curb his puny pride, drop the superstition that he is a special messenger of God, and learn not to be thankful that he is not as others, then sooner or later the Gentile will drop his silly persecution of the individual of today for what was done in years gone by by a people who let a few fear-driven priests, operating under the first law of nature, do their thinking for them.

PRINEVILLE, ORE. P. C. GARRISON.

SOUND VIEWS OF A PLAIN MAN

SIR,—I have been reading your January number and am moved to express the views of a plain man, who may be nameless, hence with no ulterior motives, etc.

I regarded your excoriation of the Kaiser in the December number as the most absolutely red-blooded American expression so far, but alas, I seem to be somewhat alone in my opinions and views. There is a spirit of fat indifference and torpid stupidity on many sides. Who that remembers the Nation springing to arms in defense of poor Cuba can but wonder at our attitude for two years before and since entering the war. Why, oh, why! But enough. Something has changed with the American people. As to Roosevelt. Why, oh, why, again. Even his opponents would like to see him at the head of 500,000 volunteers in France who would follow him like a knight of old. But something which a common plain man cannot fathom keeps this high-minded, energetic, ardent patriot buried. At that, I am strictly against his idea of keeping up military training *after the war*. That is why I understand we are in this war, to police the world in future with the overwhelming power of the Entente so that there need be no strictly military programmes, except as police force and for gymnastic results, etc.

You say nothing about aeroplanes, and this is, I think, our most terrible mistake. If we had been ready with unnumbered thousands of aeroplanes, bombists, etc., several months ago, we could have pulverized German frontiers to splinters, of course at frightful loss of men and machines, but small compared to this dragging, undecisive warfare. But it "takes ten years for ideas to penetrate." To build a ship takes six months or a year, with labor troubles, shipways to prepare, material to commandeer, etc., to endless confusion. Aeroplanes can be turned out anywhere and everywhere to standard literally in thousands; the Allies have begged us for them time and again, and yet we fight with Congress, and ponderous delay goes on. We ought to have $2,000,000 more right away, and it would be a good chance that the shipping programme could be halved with speedy victory. The South American countries should be called on to furnish labor; we have the money and the material; why can't Brazil send us 100,000 skilled men?—also the other South Americans lined

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up with us. Then our own country should be *mobilized* and put on *rations* right now; don't wait until forced into it; there are unnumbered thousands yet who should be put to war work; quick, decisive action of the old forgotten American stripe is what we need. A dim feeling persists in my mind that a few dozen stalwart Republicans, captains of industry, might help a lot. Let us grind these bloody monsters of Prussianism until they beg for mercy. Your term, "Unconditional Surrender," is the right term.

SENEX.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

ATTENTION, PATRIOTS!—THE NAVY NEEDS EYES

SIR,—The Navy is still in urgent need of binoculars, spy-glasses and telescopes. The use of the submarine has so changed naval warfare that more "eyes" are needed on every ship, in order that a constant and efficient lookout may be maintained. Sextants and chronometers are also urgently required.

Heretofore, the United States has been obliged to rely almost entirely upon foreign countries for its supply of such articles. These channels of supply are now closed, and as no stock is on hand in this country to meet the present emergency, it has become necessary to appeal to the patriotism of private owners, to furnish "EYES FOR THE NAVY."

Several weeks ago, an appeal was made through the daily press, resulting in the receipt of over 3,000 glasses of various kinds, the great majority of which have proved satisfactory for naval use. This number, however, is wholly insufficient, and the Navy needs many thousands more.

May I, therefore, ask your co-operation with the Navy, to impress upon your subscribers, either editorially, pictorially or in display, by announcing, in addition to the above general statement, the following salient features in connection with the Navy's call:

All articles should be securely tagged, giving the name and address of the donor, and forwarded by mail or express to the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., so that they may be acknowledged by him.

Articles not suitable for naval use will be returned to the sender. Those accepted will be keyed so that the name and address of the donor will be permanently recorded at the Navy Department, and every effort will be made to return them, with added historic interest, at the termination of the war. It is, of course, impossible to guarantee them against damage or loss.

As the Government cannot, under the law, accept services or material without making some payment therefor, one dollar will be paid for each article accepted, which sum will constitute the rental price, or in the event of loss the purchase price of such article.

Toward the end of January it is proposed to distribute throughout the country posters making an appeal to fill this want of the Navy.

As this is a matter which depends entirely for its success upon publicity, I very much hope that you will feel inclined to help the Navy at this time by assisting in any way that lies within your power.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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A BROADER VISION

SIR,—I am only a plain woman whose opinion is not worth much, but I recall the days when as editor of the *Altruist,* a small magazine, I welcomed words of congratulation on the success of my efforts to help the world along, and you are doing such a big thing in such a broad, big way with your Gospel of Americanism. We are climbing by your editorials to heights where we can gain a broader vision of the ultimate. Once in a while, as in your January number, you go over my head, and I question, on first reading, the wisdom of saying certain things just now; but just as the President gets ahead of our slow thinking and the nation has to wait and catch up with him, sometimes through sloughs of despondency and deep waters, we invariably come to the other side of Jordan into the Promised Land, and say with you, "Thank God for Wilson".

The impulse to write you has come from your editorial on a "Benevolent Despotism". There you lead doubters and honest questioners by beginning at their point of contact. You seem almost too much one with them, at times, and to sustain their doubts; and sometimes I have questioned whether what they did believe and *wanted* to believe was not strengthened rather than weakened by your way of putting the question. It takes for me several readings of the finale to get *fixed* in my mind that your conclusions, too briefly put, are what you are striving to prove—not the people's argument.

LAURA S. STEWART,
Chairman War Relief Dept.,
The Needlework Guild of America.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRAISE FROM PALMETTO BLUFF

SIR,—Thank God for Colonel Harvey and his incomparable pen! Your December and January articles have snatched the people from their spell of mental and moral cowardice and shaken them back to their senses.

You are our foremost patriot and resplendent in your paganism. If it were not for you and Colonel Roosevelt, the dolts and dunces would sack the Republic.

It costs much to be a man, but there are compensations, and you have had it in the approval your articles have incited. It gave me much pleasure to distribute many copies of both numbers, and all who had missed the numbers were grateful for my calling them to their notice.

We were just on the edge of chaos when you sounded the tocsin! Now, all hands are awake, and it took your intellectual courage and matchless pen to excite the mental mutiny that now floods the land.

We have had too much mental sycophancy, and intellectual courage seems to have oozed out of all men.

We are eagerly awaiting the February number. No pen has done so much for manhood and civilization since Voltaire.

PALMETTO BLUFF, S. C. EDWARD SHAUGNESSY.

FROM AN AMERICAN PATRIOT

SIR,—Having read your magazine faithfully for years and joyously during the recent months, I hasten to send you my check for renewal.

Is there any earthly thing that a woman of some intellect and aged

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fifty-two can do to help? I have an only son, Divisional Bayonet Instructor at Camp Devens, and an only daughter graduating this spring from her three years of training at the Presbyterian Hospital. I don't want to roll bandages—although I have been complimented upon mine; but I *do* want to speak or write—to help vitally—if only I can learn how and where.

If your articles do not arouse our countrymen I know of none that can, and the January number hits the nail squarely on the head. There is no doubt of the popular sentiment about representative men taking representative places, and we need them at once. This number is splendid, editorially, and I am only sorry that I am not a man to be able to write such caustic truths. I am merely an admirer.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. MARTHA C. INGALLS.

RECOGNIZING FUNDAMENTALS

SIR,—I am enclosing check for four dollars to renew my subscription to the REVIEW. I consider it the most ably edited magazine relating to national and political matters of which I have any knowledge; and your contributors are of the very highest class.

In these days, it is refreshing to read a publication which still recognizes fundamentals; which does not undertake to teach that no lessons can be drawn from history, and which does recognize that there are certain inherent and inalienable rights which neither legislators, congressmen nor executive officers should be permitted to ignore.

FARGO, N. D. B. F. SPALDING.

LOOKING BACKWARD

SIR,—The renewal of my subscription prompts me to state with what pleasure I recently learned from Solomon B. Griffin, managing editor of the *Springfield Republican*, that it had on its reporting staff, when he was a youth of eighteen, Colonel Harvey, whose contributions to the REVIEW, Mr. Griffin agrees with me, are unequalled in inspiration, instructiveness, and clarity of expression.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. ROBERT S. FOLSOM.

PRAYERFUL

SIR,—I note that you pray, "Thank God for Wilson". This no doubt because his policy concerning terms of peace appeals to all liberty-loving men. I am saying the same prayer, when inspired by this thought. But please "keep a string on" your prayer that you may pray for the restoration of our Government when the war is over, and we face the problems it will leave to all Americans.

TACOMA, WASH. CHARLES RICHARDSON.

WHAT THE ADMINISTRATION NEEDS

SIR,—May I express the hope that the President will take note of and accept your offer of service? (REVIEW, Jan. 1, 1918).

The Administration needs sympathetic, intelligent critics. It needs a real interpreter. Your service could be splendid in those fields, and even if no notice is taken of your current editorial, perhaps the next one, or the one after that, will get home. I hope so.

NEW YORK CITY. FRANK L. SCHEFFEY.

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THE TWO LOYALTIES

SIR,—It is a blessing and a delight to hear a word from somebody capable of distinguishing between loyalty to a country and loyalty to its officeholders, and any one who has the gizzard to speak it deserves all we can give him. I hope you are going on and pioneer a way for intelligent and self-respecting Americanism.

NEW YORK CITY. ALBERT JAY NOCK.

THE THOUGHT OF MANY

SIR,—I wish you would convey to Colonel Harvey for me my personal thanks for his editorial in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for December and January on Colonel House's commission. He expressed in those editorials the thought of a very large number of our citizens.

CHICAGO, ILL. HARRY OLSON.

A MUCH-NEEDED WORK

SIR,—On reading your latest editorial I am moved to write you. It is a great, and, in my judgment, a much needed piece of work. My chief knowledge of yourself comes from the monthly visits to my library of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I have written you simply because the mood is on.

NEW YORK CITY. GEORGE P. MAINS.

HITTING THE SPOT

SIR,—Your editorials in the January number, particularly as to the services of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Root, and Chief Justice White, hit the right spot. Keep it up until some of the powers that be realize that we are at war and that the lives of some of our young men may possibly be saved if proper and timely preparation is made.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. FRANK R. HUBACHEK.

SERVICE

SIR,—I have read your "Thank God for Wilson" and others, and want to offer my appreciation for all of them. I am sorry that our men in charge do not use the great force and personal popularity of Mr. Roosevelt. We need everything to win the great war.

I like your splendid service.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. J. W. JAMIESON.

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THE "WAR WEEKLY"

SIR,—Before you land in Burleson Gaol, accompanied by Senator Chamberlain, permit me to congratulate you on your "War Weekly" and wish "more power to your aim" and more ink to your pen. Here's my dollar and when the mails are denied send express, my expense.

I'm late to the office through stopping to read No. 2, including the slam at wooden ships (you'll change your mind on that), and feel that your constructive criticism should do a world of good.

Your article, "Secretary Baker's Privy Council", shows the weakness and incompetence which has cost us hundreds of millions of dollars, thousands of lives and months of most valuable time. Baker must go and quickly or else his power be taken from him as proposed by Senator Chamberlain. Chamberlain is known and respected by the whole Pacific Coast, regardless of party, as an able, honest man. The President has been most unwise in alienating him in the endeavor to support Baker.

BELLINGHAM, WASH. J. J. DONOVAN.

SIR,—I am enclosing checks for a renewal to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as we are unable to keep house or bake bread without it; also for *The War Weekly*.

I am a Republican and a staunch one, but the views of Colonel Harvey appeal to me very strongly and I am a staunch supporter of Woodrow Wilson since he has changed his position and now stands for the protection of Americans and a World Policy for the protection of ALL.

I consider that Colonel Harvey and Henry Watterson are the two greatest world editors living; any thing from either of them commands the attention of the patriotic and the admiration of the liberty-loving. All hail to both!

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN. C. T. ATKINSON.

SIR,—I herewith enclose you my check for $5, for which please send me for one year THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and your weekly publication, or supplement, summarizing the war news. I received as a sample copy the first issue of this weekly publication and hope you will send me all that have appeared since the first issue, as I am so well pleased with it that I do not want to miss any of them.

NASHVILLE, TENN. J. M. ANDERSON.

SIR,—Enclosed herewith please find postal money order for which kindly send me THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, commencing with the Febuary number, and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *War Weekly*, commencing with its first copy, both for one year.

I do not want to lose any of Colonel Harvey's editorials. He has been, and is, if not the best, one of my best teachers of Americanism, and to hear periodically a strong and honest American voice is necessary in a place where the colonial policy, or the Latin-American policy of the Government do not deserve the least commendation.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO. S. SIRAGUSA.

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SIR,—As a constant subscriber and reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for at least thirty years past, I take pleasure in enclosing my subscription to the *War Weekly*, which you will begin publishing immediately after January 1, as per announcement on page 1 of the January issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The purpose of this new publication is a most worthy and timely one, and I am exceedingly gratified that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has decided to undertake it.

PITTSBURG, PA. JOSEPH W. MARSH.

SIR,—Personally, I greatly regret the *War Weekly* is not to have greater circulation. The editorials in the REVIEW are the ablest and most thought provoking discussions of current events I know of, and would be of immense benefit to public opinion if they could be more widely distributed. Can't anything be done to send the *War Weekly* widespread if it is to contain discussions of equal merit?

EVANSTON, ILL. T. E. QUISENBERRY.

SIR,—Kindly send me THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for a year, with the *War Weekly*. I have the January number of THE REVIEW, so let my subscription begin with the February number, but would like the *Weekly* from its first issue. I feel that it will do me good, and help me to express my feelings—or help me by expressing my feelings more strongly than a private individual and a spinster from Boston-wards is expected to do. I welcome the *Weekly* idea.

NEWTON, MASS. ELIZABETH FYFFE.

SIR,—Enclosed find my subscription for the *War Weekly*. Please start my subscription with the first issue. I do not wish to miss anything, and if every issue of the *Weekly* proves as interesting as each issue of the REVIEW it is going to be a real beacon. Your editorials in the REVIEW are each one an oasis in the desert of journalism; refreshing, invigorating and more than all, filling one with hope for the future. May you live long and die happy.

DAYTON, OHIO. GEORGE W. MILLER.

SIR,—I enclose herewith my subscription for the *War Weekly* by George Harvey.

Now I feel confident that the war is going to be prosecuted to a successful issue.

I am a regular subscriber to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and at the expiration of my present subscription the same will be gleefully renewed.

MADISON, WIS. GEORGE A. BOISSARD.

SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar to pay for the *War Weekly*, in connection with the REVIEW to my address.

I was so delighted by the contents of the sample copy just received that I am unable to resist the temptation of spending another dollar on the pungent little *Weekly*.

HANSKA, MINN. C. AHLNESS.

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SIR,—I think my subscription is about out. Please credit me with five dollars for THE REVIEW and the new annex—I forgot its name—I read it from cover to cover. Colonel Harvey is as good as ever to me and having him oftener is worth a lot more. More power to his arm!

SHARON, CONN. JEROME STUART CHAFFEE.

SIR,—I enclose check for renewal of my subscription to the REVIEW and for the *War Weekly*. I have often felt that once a month was too seldom to hear from Colonel Harvey, and I am delighted at the opportunity of getting this weekly review.

EAGLE SPRINGS, N. C. B. F. BUTLER.

SIR,—I congratulate you that you are about to commence publishing THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S *War Weekly*.

Perhaps this will fill the void thousands of readers have felt since the discontinuance of Colonel Harvey's editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. Here's hoping that it will.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN. JOE V. WILLIAMS.

SIR,—Last night at dinner two of the men got to talking of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW WAR WEEKLY and wondered how they could get it. I told them it went *only* to *subscribers* of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. They hauled out five dollars each, and these bills I enclose.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar in payment for a year's subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW WAR WEEKLY. I only wish you had begun it a year or two years ago.

CEDAR FALLS, IOWA. EUNICE H. OVERMAN.

SIR,—The first one is fine. Keep it up. It is Capital! If you can keep the same "Pep" in all of them that you have in the first one you will be furnishing a distinct contribution to NEWSPAPER WAR INTELLIGENCE. CHARLES WENTWORTH.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

SIR,—Please put me down for subscription to the new *War Weekly*. The sample is great. But I might have known, as I did in my inmost knowledge box, that whatever George Harvey promises will be performed in double measure. Here's power, and more power, to his arm!

LANCASTER, PA. GEORGE F. MULL.

SIR,—I am enclosing you herewith check for one dollar for your new publication, the *War Weekly*.

I don't care to miss any of Colonel Harvey's editorials, especially concerning the conduct of this war.

ALBEMARLE, N. C. JOHN D. SPINKS.

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SIR,—I enclose my check for a year's subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW's *War Weekly*. I am sure I can afford to miss nothing from Colonel Harvey's able pen. I could not get along without the REVIEW.

LEICESTER, MASS. FRANCIS E. SMITH.

SIR,—I enclose one dollar for a year's subscription for your *War Weekly*. I am a subscriber for the REVIEW for 1918 at above address.

Congratulations. I want to hear from you *weekly*. A whole month is too long between "drinks".

ALBANY, N. Y. GEORGE MCLAUGHLIN.

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EARL READING

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

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